

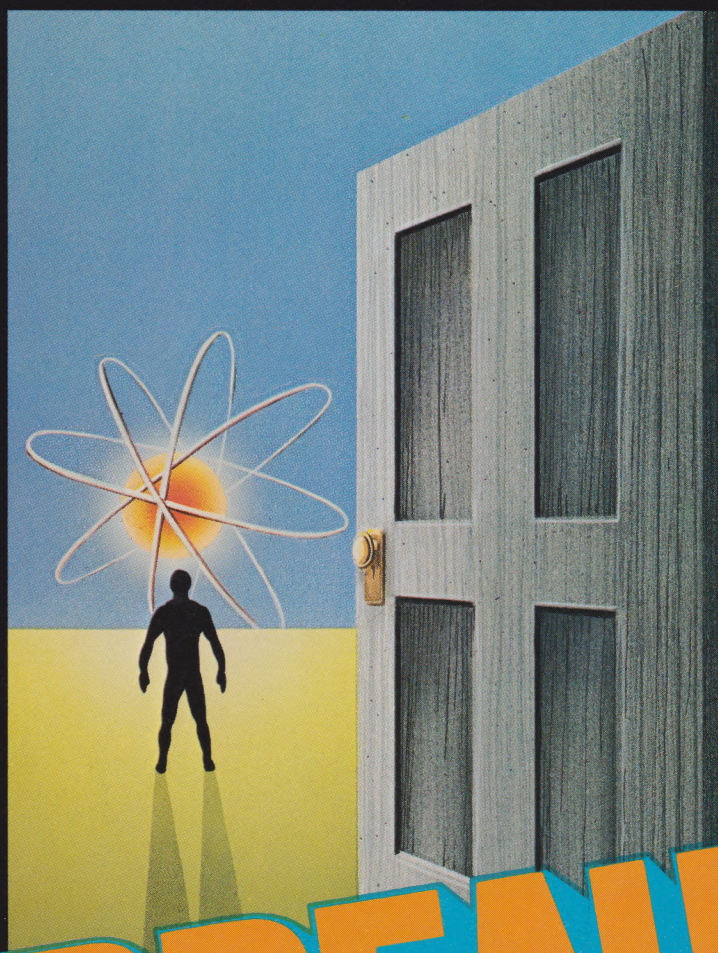
Special Report: Death on the farm—the crop spray hazard

FEBRUARY 1982, \$2.00

Atlantic Insight

**In Nfld.:
The drive
to organize
white-collar
workers is on**

**In P.E.I.:
Moonshine
makes a
comeback**



LEPREAU

The nuclear age's stormy eastern dawn



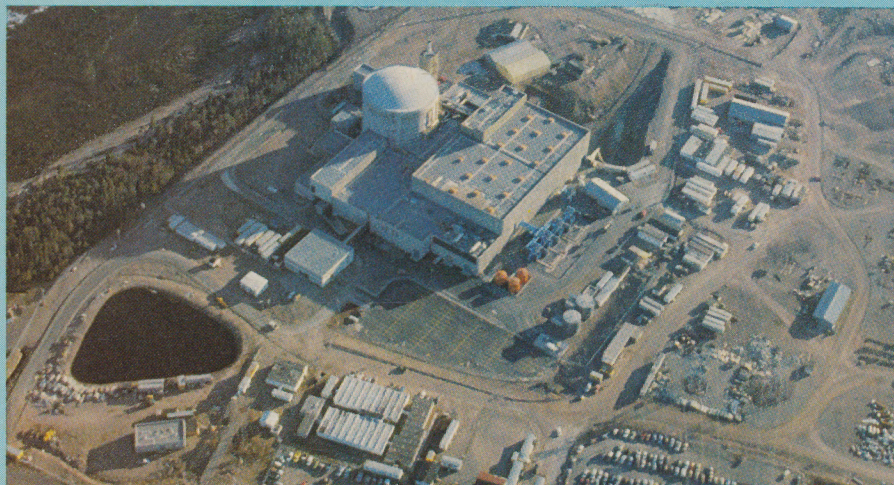
While you're thinking about
life's finer things,
you could be enjoying one.

Ballantine's
FINEST
Good taste is why you buy it.



Atlantic Insight

February 1982, Vol. 4 No. 2



22

Cover Story: The first nuclear power plant in Atlantic Canada is scheduled to open this spring at Point Lepreau, N.B. Plagued by construction problems over the past seven years, Lepreau is still the

centre of rancor and controversy. Who'll pay for its hugely inflated costs? How safe is it? As N.B. considers a second nuclear plant, no one's yet answered all the questions about the first.

By Jon Everett

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY RAND GAYNOR



28

Small Towns: Victoria, P.E.I., has had some tough times, including being bypassed by the Trans-Canada Highway. The happy part is that the clatrap of commercial tourism bypassed it too and left it a rare gem that writer Stephen Kimber calls "one of P.E.I.'s most beautiful and unspoiled tourist towns"

38

Special Report: Farm workers throughout the Maritimes are getting sick from the chemical crop sprays they use. Some have died. Government officials and chemical distributors say the farmers' own carelessness is at fault. But some farmers aren't sure sprays and safety equipment are properly tested. By Chris Wood



48

Travel: Though February blasts may chill your bones, you know, don't you, that spring will come again. And spring is the time to visit Amsterdam: For great food and beer, great flowers, great art collections and museums. You'll have to tear yourself away. By Rob Dykstra

54

Food: The Chinese don't call *dim sum* "morsels that touch the heart with happiness" for nothing. If you're really ambitious you can whip up dozens of varieties of these luscious tidbits. Here are four to start you off

3 Editor's Letter: Those nasty cards and letters just keep on coming

9 The Region: P.E.I. leads the Atlantic provinces in trying to get elderly people off too many pills

14 Prince Edward Island: A booming market for fox furs breathes new life into an old Island industry

16 Nova Scotia: Yava mines pulled out of its lead operation in Cape Breton but it left a few things behind. Like unpaid bills and an environmental mess

18 Newfoundland & Labrador: The Newfoundland Federation of Labor has a new president and a new goal: Organizing the province's white-collar workers

20 New Brunswick: At last, some good economic news from northeastern N.B. It's a new zinc smelting plant which could mean hundreds of new jobs

32 Folks: A flautist from the Island...safety joggers from Newfoundland...and a N.B. expert who's telling Toronto how to get rich. Honest!

34 Show Business: Big Bob Fuller runs the Montreal club where Maritimers love to drink beer and listen to country music. It's the lovin', cryin', hurtin' real thing

42 Music: Jarvis Benoit's short on showbiz razzmatazz, long on talent

44 Business: Making and selling home brew is a P.E.I. tradition that's coming back strong. You can blame the economy

56 Science: An Acadia University scientist's satellite pictures train a new eye on the region's geology

58 Profile: Sally Brayley Bliss was born in England, grew up in Nova Scotia, became one of the highest-powered movers in the New York ballet world

60 Harry Flemming's column: Our landlord-tenant laws need re-examination

62 Harry Bruce's column: Sometimes, leaving home is the honorable—and adventurous—way to go

64 Medicine: A new N.S. treatment for gallstones says hello to diet and drug therapy, goodbye to surgery

66 Calendar of events

68 Politics: Newfoundland's getting a new election act but, so far, no one except the politicians seems to care

70 Movies: The Plouffes are back in a TV movie. That's good. With English dubbing. That's bad

72 Ray Guy's column: The only good TV commercial is a disgusting TV commercial

Nova Scotia Savings & Trust

a new name backed by more than 131 years experience

Although the ink is hardly dry on our name, we've got a lot of experience in providing financial services. Experience that goes back before Confederation.

You see, Nova Scotia Savings & Trust is a subsidiary of Nova Scotia Savings & Loan, founded in Halifax in 1850.

As we continue our expansion, the trust company allows us to offer a wider range of services.

For example, you can now invest in Guaranteed Investment Certificates as well as our familiar Investment Savings Certificates.

That means you can now put your money to work in either of these high interest financial instruments and both companies offer the security of membership in the Canada Deposit Insurance Corporation.

And that's significant when competitive rates and guaranteed security are important to you.

**NOVA SCOTIA
SAVINGS & LOAN
COMPANY**



SINCE 1850

**NOVA SCOTIA
SAVINGS & TRUST
COMPANY**

Head Office: 1645 Granville Street,
Halifax, N.S. Phone 423-1181

Members Canada Deposit
Insurance Corporation

Editor
Marilyn MacDonald
Managing Editor
Marian Bruce
Art Director
Bill Richardson
Photography Director
David Nichols
Art Staff
Peter Shortt, Helen Marshall
Associate Editor, Copy Chief
Pat Lotz
Staff Writer
Roma Senn
Editorial Assistant
Pam Lutz
Typesetting
Nancy MacPherson
Contributing Editors
Amy Zierler, St. John's
Harry Bruce, Halifax
Correspondents
Jon Everett, Saint John
Alden Nowlan, Fredericton
Rob Dykstra, Charlottetown
Publisher, President
Impact Publishing Limited
W.E. Belliveau
Assistant Publisher
Peter Belliveau
Editor-in-Chief, Impact Publishing Ltd.
Marilyn MacDonald
Circulation Manager
Neville Gilfoy
Subscription Supervisor
Faith Drinnan
Circulation Assistants
Susan Hardy, Fairlie McLean
Regional Sales Manager
Lena Healy, Telephone: (902) 423-7365
Advertising Sales In Nova Scotia:
Mary Kilfoil, Jill Harris
Telephone: (902) 423-7365
In New Brunswick:
Lena Healy
960 Barrington St.
Halifax, Nova Scotia B3H 2P7
Telephone: (902) 423-7365
In Prince Edward Island:
Barry Smith
RR # 2, Vernon Bridge, P.E.I. C0A 1R0
Telephone: (902) 651-2950
In Newfoundland:
Stephen Sharpe
P.O. Box 8513, Postal Station A
St. John's, Nfld. A1B 3P2
Telephone: (709) 722-2511
National Sales
John McGown & Associates Inc:
Dave Richardson
785 Plymouth Ave. Suite 310
Town of Mount Royal
Montreal, Quebec H4P 1B3
Telephone: (514) 735-5191
Paul Griffin
4800 Dundas St. W.
Toronto, Ontario M9A 1B1
Telephone: (416) 232-1394
Western Canada
Doug Davison
National Advertising Representatives Ltd.
Suite 414, 788 Beatty St.
Vancouver, B.C. V6B 1A2
Telephone: (604) 688-6819

Editor's Letter

Dear Marilyn," the letter began, "It was somewhat appalling to come face to face with Alex Colville's 'Refrigerator' on page 43 of your December issue." Then, lest I make a mistake in judgment I might be sorry for, she goes on: "I am not a prude, and have often been to a Doctor's office..."

I am not a prude either, I hope, and I have been to a doctor's office but I can't for the life of me think what this might have to do with Alex Colville or his paintings. Neither, apparently, does the writer because she abandons her medical history and plunges on to what's really on her mind. "Couldn't you have left this art work behind the scenes in a gallery?" she asks. "I hope this will end nudity in your magazine as it serves no useful purpose unless you are trying to compete with 'Hustler' for greater sales."

She definitely knows more about *Hustler* than I do. And, although she obviously feels chummy enough with me to call me by my first name, she allows me no reciprocal liberty. In fact, I don't even know for sure if she's a she. He or she signs the letter "Concerned Reader."

No article that *Atlantic Insight* ever printed has drawn more reader response than our last December's cover story, "The Most Important Realist Painter of the Western World," or, more specifically, than the reproduction of the Colville painting "Refrigerator" which accompanied the article. And, to be fair, not all of our concerned readers preferred to offer their criticisms in anonymity.

"You have finally succeeded in entering your magazine with the long list of pornographic periodicals," wrote an irate P.R. Cain of Saint John, N.B. And there were others. Some of them are on this month's Feedback page. Jessie Dixon of P.E.I. wrote to say she was shocked right out of her tree, then went on to offer her own crude evaluation of the male figure in the painting. J.H. Crouse of no given address wondered if Farmer's milk had been behind the whole thing (there's a Farmer's milk carton on the refrigerator in the painting) and questioned our acquiescence, if it was so.

There were phone calls too. My favorite came from a man who warned me that our magazine had a lot to answer for in "giving legitimacy" to this nasty work by reproducing it in our pages. At the time that our December issue was on the stands, the government of Canada announced that it was awarding the highest office of the Order of Canada to Alex Colville, adding to the impressive list of honors and accolades which the artist has already received.

But if the idea that anyone could think that Alex Colville needed an article in *Atlantic Insight* to seal his legitimacy



as an artist tickled my funnybone, it also bothered me a little. Could all those central Canadians, looking down their long noses over the long years and dismissing us as a region of rednecked hicks who wouldn't know great art from a pig's posterior have been right after all?

It was then that I gave thanks for the Italian Fountain Committee of Guelph, Ontario. The committee, you see, was trying to raise \$125,000 to buy a bronze sculpture of a nude family to be placed in Guelph's main business square. As our own nude caper raised hell in the region, the committee was having its own problems, duly reported in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*.

Pastor G.E. Grieve of Harvest Hills Baptist Church, carrying his Bible, appeared before Guelph's city council to tell them, "I don't like the genitals of a man or the breasts of a woman to be exposed in public so my little boy and girl can see them." He urged council and the committee to "put clothes on it."

The sculptor, William McElcheran, flew back from a sabbatical in Italy to explain that nudity was essential, both to keep the statue from becoming dated and to ensure that the figures in it represented all people. But he didn't convince Councillor Mel Cochrane, who objected that "nudity belongs in the bathroom and bedroom of homes."

Mayor Norman Jary, however, after confessing that he had "wrestled with this as mayor, as a parent and as a Christian" pronounced the statue a work of art and judged that its presence in the square would not constitute an excess of permissiveness. Happy ending.

Why mayors, parents and Christians should be horrified at the sight of the human body, why a sensitive, perceptive portrait by one of Canada's best magazine writers of one of its greatest painters should not be celebrated by our readers are things which mystify me but don't leave me hopeless. With a little work, I'm sure that we Atlantic Canadians might, in time, approach even the sophistication of the good folk of Guelph, Ontario.

Marilyn MacDonald

Atlantic Insight is published 12 times a year by Impact Publishing Limited, 960 Barrington Street, Halifax, N.S. B3H 2P7. Second Class Postal Permit No. 4683 ISSN 0708-5400. Indexed in *Canadian Periodical Index*. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada, 1 year, \$17, 2 years, \$30; U.S.A., Territories & Possessions, 1 year, \$25; Overseas, 1 year, \$30. Contents Copyright ©1982 by Impact Publishing, may not be reprinted without permission. PRINTED IN CANADA.



**Colwell
Brothers**
Ltd.

"The English Shops
for Men"

Gentlemen's
Clothing
at its finest.

TWO LOCATIONS
Barrington Place
1809 Barrington St.,
Halifax
Mic Mac Mall
Dartmouth

FEEDBACK

Truth hurts, especially if naked

I was so disgusted with the picture of nude persons in the December issue of *Insight* ("The Most Important Realist Painter of the Western World," Cover Story), I tore the page out and put it in the garbage. What kind of principles are you trying to teach our young people? I don't plan to renew my subscription.

Mrs. R.E. Langell
Saint John, N.B.

I'm enclosing a page from the *Insight* I got in the mail today. I'm sure it was supposed to have gone in *Playgirl* or *Playboy*. I don't feel pictures like this are necessary in one of the best magazines I receive. Children use this to find articles for school, and I'm sure no teacher would give a very good mark for it. If this is the type of article you plan on printing in the future, then kindly return my money please.

Mrs. Fred Francis
Sussex, N.B.

I thank the God to whom Alex Colville is supposed to be "dangerously close to" that we still have the freedom to write and express our opinions. While I recognize that Colville has become one of the better-paid artists of our time, I believe he is a painter who is becoming dangerously close to being a pornographer. He is telling it like it is when he says he has been unbelievably lucky.

Betty Morgan
Berwick, N.S.

On your next business trip stay at home.



There's a Wandlyn Inn just around the corner. All through the Maritimes, Quebec and in Trenton Ontario, too.

Wandlyn has everything you need for business and all the comforts of home.

We'll take your business calls, leave messages and help you entertain your business clients during your stay.

You can relax in our lounges and

you'll love our home-cooked meals. Enjoy our indoor heated pool, whirlpool and sauna at selected locations.

You'll find you can live with our prices, too.

For reservations call toll free 1-800-561-0000, your nearest Wandlyn Inn or your travel agent. You'll enjoy doing business the Wandlyn way.

Welcome Home to Wandlyn.

New Brunswick: Campbellton, Edmundston, Fredericton, Moncton, Newcastle, Saint John, St. Stephen, Woodstock.
Admiral Beatty Hotel, Saint John, N.B. Nova Scotia: Amherst, Antigonish, Bridgewater, Halifax, Kentville, Port Hawkesbury,
Sydney. Prince Edward Island: Charlottetown. Quebec: Montreal, Quebec City, Rimouski. Ontario: Trenton.

A gift from Santa

Having just completed reading your excellent December issue, I must comment on Alden Nowlan's article. (*Dear Santa: Please Send More Understanding Adults for Christmas, Opinion.*) Being of a sensitive nature and loving children, I have so many times become enraged over the unkind treatment meted out by grouchy clerks to children. Is their obvious dislike directed at these little people, or against themselves? I often wonder. On several occasions I have been unable to withhold my thoughts when seeing a parent in a fit of rage strike a child for no apparent reason. My father, who was the most wonderful of parents, a philosopher, artist, banker and, most of all, a goodly man, once quoted to me, in a letter, words of E.H. Chapin: "The child's grief throbs against its little heart as heavily as a man's sorrow, and the one finds as much delight in his kite or his drum, as the other in striking the springs of enterprise or soaring on the wings of fame."

Barbara H. Hanright
Moncton, N.B.



"We watched with fascination as Pam hitched the ride of her life on the back of a sea turtle through the Great Barrier Reef."

"The colours of the reef were dazzling."

"Our guide had assured us that sea turtles don't bite. They didn't—thank goodness! And after the excitement of the reef we relived our adventure with Canadian Club. C.C.'s just right. It's smooth, light taste has been a tradition for over 120 years. Canadian Club's 'The Best In The House'® in 87 lands."

Canadian Club

A taste of the world. The taste of home.



"Swapping fish stories."

T+D '82
T+D '82
T+D '82
T+D '82
T+D '82

**June 2-4, 1982
in Halifax**

The 1982 Training and Development Conference is the major human resource development event in Canada

To find out more
contact:
Virginia Jackson
(902) 424-2410

**Advanced
Management
Centre**

Institute of Public Affairs
1261 Seymour Street
Dalhousie University
Halifax, N.S. B3H 3J5

FEEDBACK

Go south, Minglewood

How about a hot tip for a good band? If the Minglewood boys (*Six for the Road*, Cover Story, November) are so high powered, full of energy and great to see live (which they certainly are), why don't they record a live album of their best stuff and invade the southern states? Sure, it will cost RCA some bucks to promote it but when you have Donald Dunn of Blues Brothers fame telling the Americans that they're missing something good, this surely can't be just another worthy cause. If Anne Murray can do it, then what's stopping you Roy?

Peter Prosser
Albert County, N.B.

Crafts and counter-culture

On behalf of the craftsmen of Nova Scotia, thank you for your fine article on Profile '81 (*Nova Scotia's Crafts: Hand-made and Heavenly*, Crafts, August/September). Such expert treatment gave us great pleasure. I would like to modify one statement I was reported to have made about the contribution of the 1960s counter-culture to Nova Scotia crafts. It might have appeared from the article that I believe such a movement was solely responsible for the current form of crafts in N.S. I do believe that the counter-culture movement gave craft development a jolt that was basically healthy and significant. However, it is only one of many influences which have converged to produce the present praiseworthy quality of crafts in this province. In fact, the merging of counter-culture philosophies into a cohesive partnership with much older (and also, much newer) attitudes is one of the more fascinating aspects to crafts now.

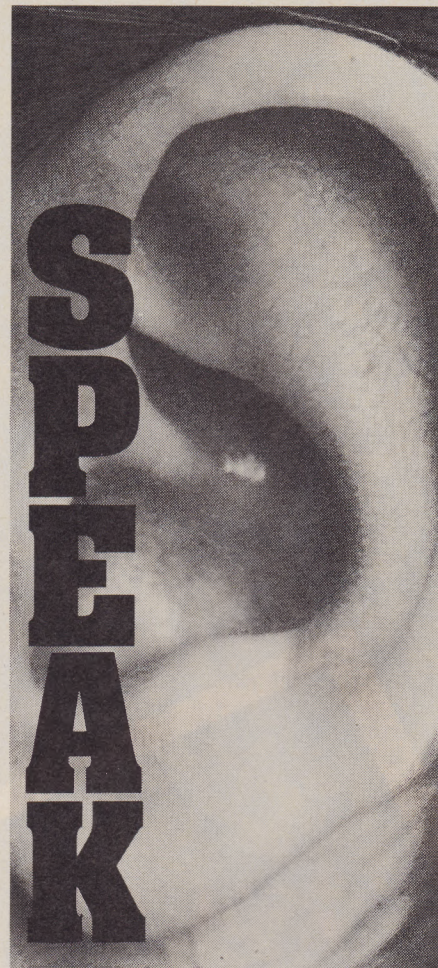
C.D. Tyler,
Administrative Co-ordinator
Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen
Halifax, N.S.

Thumbs down and "Bottoms up"

"Bottoms up!" to Alden Nowlan for irrefutable proof that *It's Time to Get Tough with Teetotallers* (Opinion, November). Perhaps not Bacchicly inspired at the time of writing, he overlooked the legion who owe their livelihood, at least in part, to imbibers: Farmers, vintners, distillers, brewers, liquor commission employees, bartenders, waiters. Imagine the drain on the economy if this source of employment dried up. The thought should surely reform any teetotaller genuinely interested in the welfare of his country.

Allister Robertson
Halifax, N.S.

I cannot see why the teetotallers should be asked to pay additional taxes to ease the cost of the alcohol habit for those addicted. It is my opinion that if we were to take the revenue received



AND BE HEARD

**Intercom Systems
Nurse Call Systems
Doctors Register Systems
Master Clock Systems
Professional Sound
Systems
School Communications
Systems**

*Speak To The
Communication Specialists*



**ALTRON
ELECTRONICS
LTD.**

5679 Cunard St.
Halifax, N.S. B3K 1C7
902-422-8586



or Head Office

24 Rideout St.
Moncton, N.B. E1E 1E2
506-854-0488

from the sale of alcoholic beverages and apply it against the cost of alcohol-related problems, such as the carnage on our nation's highways, the children and parents from broken homes, the lost hours in the labor force, treatment centres for those who can no longer handle their problem or suffer from alcohol-related diseases, and destruction of public and private property, it is just possible that the total expense would exceed the total revenue.

*Reg Dalton
South Ohio, N.S.*

Our mistake

It was pleasing to read of the appointment of Marian Bruce, a fellow student at Prince of Wales College in the early 1960s, as managing editor of *Atlantic Insight* (Editor's Letter, November). The story, however, includes one misstatement. Prince of Wales College is *not* in any sense "now part of the University of Prince Edward Island." Prince of Wales College ceased to exist in 1969, having been dissolved by the provincial government as a preliminary to the formation of UPEI. In the previous year, with the handwriting clearly on the wall, the principal, two deans and several other professors resigned in protest against this forced dissolution. For the same reason, the president of the student council, who was entering the fourth year of his degree program, left for a mainland university. When offered the option of a UPEI rather than a PWC degree, the graduating class of 1969 unanimously declined.

*Ian R. Robertson,
Assoc. Professor of History
University of Toronto*

A hit and a miss

In your November issue you had a good article on Mary Walsh and the indigenous, creative theatre happening at the LSPU Hall in St. John's, Nfld. (*The Diamond Instincts of Mary Walsh, Theatre*), in the author's words, "Canada's most prolific small theatrical-cultural centre." Yet in your regular column Calendar a few pages on there is no mention of this theatre at all!

*Anne Alexander
St. John's, Nfld.*

Not amused

Martin Knelman's movie review entitled *Brian De Palma Wants to Scare You. For the Fun of It* (Movies, November) scared me to death. *Blow Out* is a movie that uses the violence against women theme and depicts women in the stereotypical role of the prostitute. How can such a movie make an audience laugh (as Knelman suggests)? I agree that *Blow Out* is De Palma at his worst and hopefully all those who are horrified by what it portrays will "blow out" of existence all such movies.

*Linda Arsenault
Halifax, N.S.*

The Barrington Place Shops

Outside we're historical and classic.
Inside we're modern and convenient.



Located in the heart of downtown Halifax
diagonally across from City Hall.



Barrington Place

at the corner of Barrington St. and Duke St. 429-0668

SAVE 30%

GET FREE HOME DELIVERY OF
ATLANTIC INSIGHT—THE MAGAZINE OF
ATLANTIC CANADA—AND PAY ONLY \$17.00.
YOU SAVE \$7.00 OFF THE NEWSSTAND PRICE
OF \$24.00 FOR 12 ISSUES. THIS OFFER GOOD
ONLY IN CANADA.

USA TERRITORIES & POSSESSIONS: \$25.00 1-YEAR. ELSEWHERE: \$30.00 1-YEAR

ATLANTIC INSIGHT SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
960 Barrington Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia
B3H 2P7, (902) 423-7365

more than just a news magazine

Atlantic Insight



Benson & Hedges 100's & Me

*Because the
pleasure lasts longer.*



also in Menthol 100's.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked —avoid inhaling.
Benson & Hedges 100's Av. per cigarette: 15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine Benson & Hedges 100's Lights Av. per cigarette: 12 mg "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine

Do old people take too many drugs?

P.E.I. says yes. That's why its homes for the aged are leading the region in cutting back on prescription pills. Now the patients feel much better, thank you

By Stephen Kimber

Whenever Blanche Eustis, an 81-year-old Summerside, P.E.I., widow, was sick or worried or upset or couldn't sleep, she'd do what she'd always been told was the wisest and safest thing—see her doctor. “But every time I went to the doctor,” she remembers now, “I got a new kind of pill.” When she moved in 1974 into Summerset Manor, a provincial special care home, she was taking 12 different drugs a day. They included several different tranquilizers, barbiturates and anti-depressants as well as diuretics and pills for her heart. Although doctors told her she'd need them all as long as she lived, she still felt awful. “It was the Librium [an anti-anxiety medication] that was taking me down,” she complains. “I'd take a few if I got nervous and some to help me sleep. I wasn't ever too alert then.”

She was not alone. At Summerset Manor, many other residents were also so zonked out on prescribed, mood-altering drugs, they had to have their

meals delivered on trays to their rooms.

The situation at Summerset Manor, a cheerfully run, well-managed senior citizens' home, wasn't unusual. According to one recent U.S. survey, for example, the average senior citizen now takes four to seven different prescription medications a day. As a result, older people are twice as likely as 30-year-olds to suffer from accidental overdoses or reactions to drug combinations.

In North America, concern about drug overuse by the elderly is relatively new. But P.E.I. is pioneering an unusual drug-reduction program at Summerset Manor and five other provincially operated homes for the aged. Blanche Eustis is now down to two pills a day. And in five years, the number of medications prescribed in the homes has decreased by an estimated 50%. “As far as we know,” says Judy Loughheed, a nurse consultant for the Island's Department of Social Services, “there isn't anything quite like it in Canada.”

Two other provinces in the Atlantic

region—Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—are experimenting with their own methods of reducing medications. “About a quarter of our provincial homes are trying drug-free days,” says Barb Miller, co-ordinator of Nova Scotia's group homes. “They'll pick one day each week, and during that day, they'll eliminate all medication except those that are absolutely necessary. We ask the residents to try it and see how they feel—do they really need all those tranquilizers and sleeping pills and anti-depressants and, and, and...?” In New Brunswick, nursing homes in Petitcodiac and Moncton also have recently adopted this “drug holiday” experiment. But Reg Gabriel, Newfoundland's director of services for senior citizens, says he doesn't believe drugs are a problem in the province's three senior citizens' homes. “We are aware of the potential dangers of drug abuse being given in institutions simply to monitor and control people,” he says, “but we don't think that's happening here.”

Prince Edward Island's drug-reduction program began when Florence Gates arrived as Summerset Manor's director of nursing in 1977, after 13 years as a chronic-care nurse at Summerside's Prince County Hospital and a year work-



Blanche Eustis: “Every time I went to the doctor I got a new kind of pill”

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

KNOW BEANS ABOUT TERMINALS?



TEXAS
INSTRUMENTS
PORTABLE TERMINAL

COME IN FOR COFFEE AND A CHAT

We have a complete range of equipment on display from top line suppliers such as Digital, Texas Instruments, Cybernex and Wang. Equipment that can change your business . . . for the better.

Whether you're a small business, an educational system or a large corporation, Data Terminal Mart has a terminal that's right for you.

So, if you're thinking terminals, come in to your local Data Terminal Mart store where we'll spill the beans . . . and the coffee's on us!

*Now in Dartmouth
800 Windmill Road
469-3782*



**DATA
TERMINAL
MART**

COMPUTERS AND TERMINALS TO GO

THE REGION

ing in a doctor's office. She was astounded by what she found. "I'd wonder, 'Why aren't the residents interested in anything, why don't they come out of their rooms?' Then, when I'd look at the medication they were on, I'd say, 'That's it.'"

Coincidentally, Sheldon Cameron, the Manor's regular doctor since 1973, began to question why new residents seemed to arrive at the Manor with so many prescriptions. Cameron had been involved in the alcohol addiction research and treatment field for eight years, and he began attending seminars on drug abuse and overuse among the elderly. "It made sense to me that we should be taking a more careful look at the situation," he says.

Cameron, Gates and other staff members then undertook a resident-by-resident review to see which medications they could reduce or eliminate. Not surprisingly, there were many. "We wouldn't take away someone's heart

that Connie Auld reassesses every medication every resident receives every day. "It's a constant thing," she says. "We're always looking out for a problem that might arise with a drug. If someone is taking a drug and it seems to be making them too drowsy, for example, we'll call the doctor right away to get the medication withheld and the patient examined again."

Judy Loughheed says all the provincially run homes are now involved in drug reduction to some extent. "There's been a dramatic increase in the number of residents taking absolutely no medication of any kind," she says, "a dramatic decrease in the average number of medications other residents take and also, of course, less frequent problems with drug interactions as a result."

Loughheed's department now is completing a study of the program and hopes to have the results published in *Canadian Nurse*, a professional journal, "so people will know what we've been doing and to



Gates: Drug-reduction program began when she came to Summerset Manor

pill," stresses Gates, who says residents were encouraged, rather than coerced, to give up their medications. "We started very slowly and monitored very carefully, because we were doing something that hadn't really been done anywhere else that we knew about, and so we proceeded with great caution."

Still, the results were spectacular. When the drug-reduction program began in 1977, only two of the Manor's 120 residents took no medication at all. Within two years, however, 35 of them were perfectly happy—and healthy—without drugs of any kind. And Connie Auld, the Manor's medications nurse, says only 10 residents now require any mood-altering drugs. Almost all of them take their meals in the dining room, and many also participate in the singsongs, bowling parties, exercise programs and church services they were previously too drugged to appreciate.

One reason the program works is

reassure them that nothing bad happened when we reduced the drugs."

Some health professionals worry that the "drug holiday" approach being tried in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick might encourage people living at home to throw away all their drugs. They could get the idea, Loughheed says, "that it's all right for everyone to take a holiday from every drug. We assess each person very, very carefully before we stop a medication even for a day. And then we monitor it very carefully after that." Others are even more critical. "Why pick just one or two days?" asks Florence Gates. "Why not try to reduce or eliminate the drugs entirely?"

Although Loughheed admits that P.E.I.'s drug-reduction program is merely a more organized and conscientious effort to provide what is, in truth, just good medical care, she adds: "It still goes against a belief in our society that if you've got a problem, you take a pill for

it. What we've really done here is to try to replace the dependence on drugs with a new emphasis on diets and activities. Drug reduction is just one part of the total rehabilitation process. Instead of giving someone some medication at bedtime to help them sleep, for example, we'd now maybe give them a backrub and a glass of warm milk and spend a few minutes with them.

"As good nurses, we used to always simply give a patient whatever the doctor ordered. Now times have changed and nurses—people in general—are more inclined to ask why. And a lot of the doctors have been very responsive on this. Many times they were only prescribing drugs because the nurse would say, 'Poor Mrs. So-and-So couldn't sleep last night. Can you order something for her?' Everyone was doing it for the best of intentions, but maybe the result wasn't good, anyway."

It wasn't just nurses, Sheldon Cameron adds. Doctors were also under pressure from family members taking care of elderly relatives. "Mrs. Jones would bring her mother to the doctor and say, 'Doctor, my mother hasn't slept for two nights. You've got to give her something to help her.' So the doctor would give the mother something to help her sleep. And so it would go from appointment to appointment. Another problem, another drug."

Lloyd MacNiven, P.E.I.'s director of services for the aged and an early proponent of the drug-reduction program, says: "Every time you changed doctors in our homes for the aged, nine times out of 10 the new doctor would double the prescription."

What worries Connie Auld now, however, is the problem of what may be happening to senior citizens who are on their own. "We have the opportunity here to observe the residents on a day-to-day basis," she says. "Someone living on the outside might see his doctor once every two weeks, once a month, or even less. When the doctor does see him, maybe the patient seems to be getting along OK, so the doctor simply continues the medication he's been getting. That's the easy way."

Sheldon Cameron, however, defends his fellow physicians. "We've become more aware now," he says. "We know, for example, that the metabolism of older people is different, that what might be a reasonable dose for a 40-year-old man may be an overdose to an elderly man. And we're becoming more aware, too, that a pill isn't the answer for every problem every patient has."

Blanche Eustis couldn't agree more. With her two pills a day—both for her heart—she feels just fine, thank you very much. "Why wouldn't I?" she asks. She sleeps better now, and she participates in activities around the Manor. She's even taken on a job—printing and posting the Manor's daily menu in the dining room. "Too many pills," she says in a voice of experience, "aren't good for you." ☒

Take a Good Long Look

We've been crafting in pine for over seven years. We know there's more to fine furniture than meets the eye. We think you'll agree.



The Finished Product

Every piece we produce receives an oil-based stain, hand rubbed to your order in one of five colors. The wood is sealed, sanded and then given

two coats of laquer. But the final finish comes with our guarantee against any defects in materials or craftsmanship. This is a finish that stands up.

Retailers of quality Nova Scotia pine furniture.

For more information on our complete line of bedroom and dining room furniture, drop in, call or write for our brochure. And we ship anywhere!

VISA

1588 Argyle Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 2B3.
Telephone (902) 429-6684. Hours: Monday-Thursday
10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Friday 10 a.m.-8 p.m.; Saturday 10
a.m.-3:30 p.m. We invite all "custom design" inquiries.

**ARGYLE
PINE**



"Let me show you a new and better way to learn to speak French"

Joanna Campon

You've often wished you could speak French well. Maybe to have more fun on a vacation in Quebec, Europe or some exotic French-speaking island. Perhaps to acquire a skill that will give you a leg up the career ladder. But you've always thought it was too difficult for you to master the language.

Well, now with my new contemporary

method, you can be well on your way to speaking fluent, confident French in as little as 90 days. And it will take less time, less will-power than you dreamed possible. No classroom ordeal—learn at your own pace... in your own place. You'll actually enjoy learning—because it's modern, relevant, even entertaining! And it was written especially for Canadians.

FREE!



Sample lesson cassette

- ☐ Please send me a FREE Cassette with actual sample lessons in French.
- ☐ I would like information on learning
 - ☐ German ☐ Italian ☐ Spanish
 - ☐ Other _____ (Please specify).

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ Prov. _____

P.C. _____ Phone () _____

Age (if under 18) _____

Clip and mail today to:

No obligation



Campion Language Studies

146 Front St West., Suite 450, Toronto, Ont., M5J 1G2

WHO TAKES THE TIME



TO TAILOR YOUR RRSP TO YOUR PERSONAL FINANCIAL GOALS?

Your Investors advisor.
In an age where time is money,
it's not easy to get the personal
attention you need in
planning a secure financial future.
If you're not getting it from your
banker, broker, or trust company,
come to Investors.

Your Investors advisor has
the experience and the time to
design a personalized RRSP that
complements your overall financial
goals. Together you can create a plan
that's tailored to your exact
specifications—uniquely designed
for you.

Your Investors RRSP will
have all the benefits of competitive
interest rates, flexibility and tax
deductibility. It will take
into account not only
what you have now,
but what you want to
have in the future.



You'll be able to choose from
any combination of the following
investment options: Guaranteed
Savings Plans, Money Accumulation
Plans, Guaranteed Investment
Certificates, and a variety of
investment funds—Bond, Equity and
Mortgage.

Result? An RRSP that fits you
perfectly. Because it's an original.

Made by Investors.

*To contact an Investors advisor,
just look in the phone book
under "Investors".*

Investors
PROFIT FROM OUR EXPERIENCE

**"WE'LL HELP
YOU DESIGN A
PERSONAL RRSP
THAT'S MADE
TO MEASURE
FOR YOU."**

Fox fur is in—and so is fox farming on the Island

There's big money to be made. The hard part, one breeder says, is the killing

In an eight-by-12-foot pen, two sleek, pearl platinum foxes circle Elaine VanInderstine like nervous bobcats, frisky, always watching with quick, wild eyes. "Come here, babies," she sings, trying to entice them closer. "Come here, now, come to Mommy." One ventures close to nibble her pantleg. "Uh-uh," she says in a firm reprimand. Then she scoops it up and cradles it in her arms. "These are my pets," she says with pride. "I raised them in the house." Their mother, she explains, was frightened by the screaming buzz of a neighbor's chain saw and abandoned her pups. Foxes are very temperamental.

They're also—at the moment, at least—a very lucrative business. VanInderstine's Montague, P.E.I., fox ranch is one of about 150 on the Island, most of which started up in the past five years. They represent a revival in an industry that brought fortunes to men and fame to the Island in the early part of this century.

In the fickle world of fashion, fox fur is in, especially the silver fox and its lighter colored mutants, the platinum and pearl platinum. Europeans have money to spend on such luxuries, and the Japanese have a new-found fondness for furs. And P.E.I. is once again making a name for itself on the international fur market with high quality silver furs, some from breeding lines developed around the turn of the century. A silver pelt now sells for \$350 to \$500.

Betty Brown, secretary of the P.E.I. Fur Breeders' Association, estimates that in 1980, about 3,500 pelts, valued at \$1.6 million, left the Island. The association has 131 registered ranchers on the Island and represents another 94 in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. "People are looking for a business that will repay itself in three or four years," Brown says. "You can do that with foxes if you're successful." A fox rancher doesn't need a lot of land or expensive equipment, but the association estimates that starting up a ranch of about 25 animals requires an investment of \$25,000 to \$40,000.

Elaine VanInderstine, in the business for only three years, figures she's already invested about \$100,000. "I bought good blood lines and paid plenty for them," she says. "I had them evaluated by a buyer, and he told me there was no garbage on my ranch."

The animal's quality is based on the fur—the ideal pelt is silky, dense, uniform in color and large—and the

fox's breeding capabilities. A poor animal will sell for about \$300; a good animal for \$3,000 or more.

VanInderstine works her ranch with the help of her husband, Billy, a chief electrician with Northumberland Ferries. He helps with some of the more unpleasant tasks such as killing and skinning, which usually take place in December. She started with 14 animals and now has 116, mostly "pearls." Last fall, she took 20 animals to the 50th Annual Silver Fox Show in Summerside and took home 22 prizes, including four firsts, which placed her among the top four Island ranchers.

Last year she pelted 50 animals. The skins are cleaned and dried and shipped to Toronto, where the Hudson's Bay Co., acting as brokers, sells them to designers and fur houses.

The killing, VanInderstine admits, is the hardest part of the business. "I saw them killed for the first time this year," she says. "I couldn't hack it last year. One of the little males cried. I was sick for four days." She uses what's known as the Norwegian probe. While special tongs steady the animal, the probe is inserted into the anus. The animal is made to bite on a steel bar. It dies from electrocution in about 15 seconds. Some ranchers inject a solution of nicotine sulphate solution into the animal's bloodstream, causing death almost instantly. That and the probe are considered the most humane methods. Some breeders, to save time and money, still prefer the old methods: They stop the animal's heart by depressing the chest with a boot or a stick, or they break its neck with a swift undercut to the jaw.

The Island's earlier fox boom started in the late 1800s when Charles Dalton and Robert Oulton started a silver fox ranch with two wild animals on Oulton's Island in Casumpec Bay. In 1910, when the price of a silver fox pelt on the European market jumped from \$100 in previous years to more than \$1,000,

Dalton and Oulton harvested 25 fine pelts, making nearly \$35,000—a fortune in those days.

By 1913 the Island's fox industry was estimated to be worth \$15 million. In some years, the demand for breeding stock was so high, few animals were killed, driving fur prices up even higher. In some instances, a good breeding pair of silvers sold for as high as \$25,000.

But when the Second World War broke out, the European fur market collapsed. Island fox ranchers quickly got out of the business, leaving only about seven die-hard ranchers, who kept their breeding stock over the next 30 years. During this time, pelt prices averaged \$30 to \$50, hardly enough to bring anyone a decent living.

The get-rich-quick days of the industry probably are gone for ever, but there are still opportunities to make money. Russian breeders recently offered an Ontario farmer half a million dollars for a breeding pair of Dawn Glo foxes, apricot-colored mutants whose pelts are in great demand.

With new ranchers starting up and existing ones expanding, and competition growing from the Scandinavians and Russians, will the market soon be



VanInderstine: "I bought good blood lines and paid plenty"

flooded? "There's still enough of a demand that it isn't affecting market prices," Betty Brown says. Island furs still rank high in the world of fashion, meaning that as long as standards stay high, so will prices for Island ranchers. That's why her association wants to revive its standards committee to make sure that ranchers "don't breed everything that grows hair," as they did during the last boom.

Elaine VanInderstine, who says it will be a few more years before her operation breaks even, worries that the industry will decline again in the meantime. But then, that's what makes it all challenging, she says.

— Rob Dykstra

Bacardi rum. Sip it before you add the cola.



See? Bacardi is beautiful by itself. Clean. Light. Smooth-tasting. That's why it goes so smoothly with so many mixers. So pour on the cola, the ginger ale, the juice or the lemon-lime. When you start it with Bacardi, you can bet you'll enjoy it.

For a good food and drink recipe booklet, write FBM Distillery Co. Ltd.,
P.O. Box 368, Brampton, Ontario L6V2L3.

Get to know the real taste of Bacardi rum.

BACARDI RUM(S) PRODUCED BY SPECIAL AUTHORITY AND UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. BACARDI AND BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. BOTTLED BY FBM DISTILLERY CO. LTD., CANADA.

The mining's ended but the malady lingers on

Yava Mines came to Cape Breton to mine lead. Nearly three years later it's gone—except for bad debts and a big scar on the landscape

When Yava Mines opened its new lead mine and mill operation in June, 1979, near Loch Lomond, N.S., there were brave words about a new era in Nova Scotia mining history. Provincial Mines and Energy Minister Ron Barkhouse predicted the Cape Breton mine would be producing "for at least 40 years." Jim Patterson, a vice-president of Barymin Explorations Ltd. of Toronto, owners of the operation, said the size of the Yava deposit "will sustain operations at present levels well into the next century." The lead ore was to be concentrated at the nearby mill, trucked to Sydney and shipped to West German customers, who'd signed a two-year contract.

By Christmas, the mine employed 100 workers. By the end of the year, Yava manager Len O'Gorman was talking about expanding the project.

Today, Yava is in receivership. The mine closed down last fall, putting more than 100 people out of work and leaving local businessmen, Yava's unsecured creditors, with an estimated \$400,000 in unpaid bills. Another bill of at least \$300,000 probably will be picked up by Nova Scotia taxpayers. That's the estimated cost of cleaning up the acres of sludge-filled settling and tailings ponds that scar the Cape Breton countryside; tearing down the mine and mill and either diverting or dyking and bulldozing the nearby Salmon River.

In the final weeks of the mine's life,

provincial government officials tried everything from court injunctions to advertising for a new operator to keep the mine open. And if Nova Scotia's only lead mine had to close, then they insisted that Yava at least clean up the site. "Their Toronto lawyers may think we're a bunch of bimbos, but we're not," commented John Amirault, a former Mines and Energy official. Yet the site remains a mess.

Environmentalists and anglers are worried about the future of the Salmon River, once a popular trout stream. The Environmental Protection Service (EPS) last fall released tests taken in July of river bottom sediments near the mine. Away from the mine site, bottom sediments tested at 48 parts per million of lead concentrate, below the limit of 50 parts that scientists consider acceptable. But in a river cove near the mine shaft, they uncovered a level of 18,000 parts per million. "That's 1.8%," says EPS scientist Gary Westlake of Halifax. "That's approaching mineable quality." Charlie Musial, president of the New Waterford Fish and Game Association, says: "We need all the industry we can get in Cape Breton, but it should be a plus for our area and work in harmony with the natural ecology of our island. Yava was a real minus as far as the ecology is concerned."

Yava's troubles began in January, 1981, when a mill settling pond filled with lead sludge overflowed and flooded

an adjacent Richmond County road. The company didn't clean up that mess, although it did build another pond under government orders. In late March, the mine's gasoline-powered pumps broke down and the mine began to flood. Mine officials ordered the lead-filled waste water to be pumped directly into the Salmon River, instead of first into a settling pond. After three days of pumping, government environment officials ordered Yava to stop the pumping within 24 hours or shut down the mine.

Yava solved its pumping problem. But in late August, there were disturbing newspaper stories about disappointing results from a diamond drilling program for new ore reserves at the Yava site. World lead prices had also collapsed, and Yava was said to be losing \$30,000 a week. The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, Yava's \$3.2-million principal and only secured creditor, appointed Coopers and Lybrand as receivers to collect Yava's outstanding loan. Other creditors had no receivers. Yava owed Mira Gut trucker Harold Phillips more than \$100,000; Lester Archibald of Atlantic Explosives Ltd., Upper Musquodoboit, \$84,000; Irving Oil Ltd., more than \$50,000. Sydney businessmen, including Jim Burrows of Commercial Equipment Ltd., were left with thousands of dollars more in unpaid bills. "Yava's past record was quite good," Burrows said, "and then, all of a sudden, in July and August, they hooked us all."

Several weeks after Coopers took control of Yava, they announced they would let the mine flood. The provincial Department of Mines and Energy obtained a court injunction—the first of its kind in Nova Scotia mining history—forcing Coopers to keep the mine open and dry.

Government officials scurried around to find a new mine operator, but by mid-November, the injunction had expired and none of the nibbles from several companies had turned into bites. That left a flooding mine and no one to pay the cleanup bill. Government lawyers are not confident that the province's Environmental Protection Act, normally invoked in such situations, can be used against Yava or the bank to pay for the cleanup.

The province could act through its Mineral Resources Act, which says that a mining company must give the government six months' notice of a pending mine closing, and the company must undertake an orderly shut-down. But Doug O'Keefe, a Halifax lawyer in the Attorney-General's Department, doubts Yava will be prosecuted. "If they were found guilty," he says, "the maximum fine under the act would only be \$1,000. What would be the point?"

— Alan Story



JOE SAMMON

Yava's lead tailings pond: A big cleanup bill for Nova Scotia taxpayers



T

he new system allowed Teleglobe Canada to consistently pinpoint where all their assets were. In, under and out of this world.

This is about where things are. And Systemhouse. And Teleglobe Canada with over three hundred million dollars worth of fixed assets to keep track of: machines, equipment, buildings, undersea cables, satellites, generators, transmitters. Systemhouse developed a new system that allowed Teleglobe Canada to consistently pinpoint those fixed assets. And to account for them. The ones on the earth. The ones under the sea. And the ones out of this world—satellites up in the sky. Even, for that matter, an earth station, under construction.

This helps to keep Teleglobe Canada functioning efficiently, managing expectations. This helps keep Canada talking with the world. And that's one reason why so many companies are talking with Systemhouse. For they truly are people who know what they're doing. With an unmistakable confidence that comes with being best. That comes with delivering solutions.

Systemhouse is a genuine Canadian resource, bridging the gap between what you need and what a computer can provide—be it an individually customized system, or a software package right off their shelf. Systemhouse provides answers. They do it well. All over the world.

Systemhouse Limited

1660 Hollis St., Halifax, N.S. B3J 1V7 (902) 429-0690
440 King St., Fredericton, N.B. E3V 5H8 (506) 457-2285



SYSTEMHOUSE

Vancouver • Edmonton • Calgary • Regina • Winnipeg • Toronto • London • Ottawa • Montreal • Fredericton • Halifax
Los Angeles • Orange County • San Diego • San Francisco • St. Louis • Chicago • Cleveland • Washington, D.C. • New York • Boston

Unions woo the white-collar trade

Newfoundland's jobless rate is so high, even the employed feel insecure. Labor leaders hope this will help pull non-organized workers into the union fold

Bill Parsons had just returned to Newfoundland from Ottawa, where he was meeting with other labor leaders, when he learned from his wife that the Giant Mart in Carbonear was closing. "That's 12 more people out of work," says Parsons, now in his first year as president of the Newfoundland and Labrador Federation of Labor. "Twelve jobs don't seem like much compared with the literally thousands of auto-workers who are laid off, but in a small town like Carbonear, it hurts."

This month, the federation will launch an aggressive organizing campaign aimed at convincing non-unionized workers—such as the laid-off Giant Mart employees—of the benefits of union protection. The campaign was prompted, Parsons says, by inquiries to union leaders from non-organized white-collar workers worried about their jobs.

"I would boil it down to insecurity," Parsons says. "With the unemployment rate as high as it is, there are a lot of people knocking on the company door. Manpower is so abundant, even the employed feel insecure." He doesn't claim joining a union will save them their jobs, but "at least, if they're thrown to the wolves, the union sees that their rights are protected."

In preparation for the campaign, the six district labor councils around the province have beefed up their organizing committees, atrophied from inactivity, and the federation will be placing newspaper ads promoting the value of belonging to a union. The employees the federation is trying to reach are in a category that traditionally has been hard to organize: Office workers at fish plants, mines and Crown corporations; bank clerks, store clerks, hotel workers, municipal employees. "There's high turnover in these jobs, and often unusual hours," says Frank Taylor, federation secretary-treasurer and business agent for the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union, which has about 1,500 members in Newfoundland.

"They work closely with management, and they're often not the breadwinner. In our own organizing, the thing we find is they're so easily intimidated." It took the union about a month to sign up employees of an independent supermarket outside St. John's, but the local dissolved when it came time to negotiate its first contract. "Of 75 people in the unit," Taylor says, "we couldn't get two people to sit on the bargaining committee. Your work is not over when you get certified, not by a long shot."

In nearly 17 years as business agent for the United Steel Workers of America (USWA), first in Labrador and now in Newfoundland, Parsons has dealt more with miners than with secretaries. He went to Labrador at age 17, attracted by the high wages in the iron ore industry. (Too young to work in the mine, he made \$375 as kitchen help, not a bad wage in 1958.) Eight years later he was working full-time for the union. Now he makes \$27,000 as USWA business agent; being president of the federation pays nothing.

One of Parsons' worries today, as the federation's campaign begins, is that recent Supreme Court decisions may hamper organizing efforts. By law, the Newfoundland Labor Relations Board must give a company the chance to request a hearing when employees



Parsons: Organizing the non-organized

apply for union certification. But the board felt it had the right *not* to hold a hearing if it believed it could reach a fair decision without one. In appeals from employers (and, in one case, a union), several judges have told the board that denying either side a hearing is a denial of the right of natural justice. The board now grants a hearing whenever one is requested. "Employers usually resist an application for certification," says Gordon Easton, a Gander lawyer who's chairman of the five-member, part-time board. "It's almost automatic that they ask for a hearing in their reply to us." Easton, echoing concerns of labor leaders, says it's "fair to assume" that this will mean delays in board proceedings.

Easton and the federation want Labor and Manpower Minister Jerome Dinn to give the board more alternate members

to deal with the workload, or to change the law to give the board the discretionary powers it felt it had. But Dinn supports the judges' rulings. He says he isn't inclined to consider changes in legislation unless an expanded board can't handle the extra work. He'll consider giving the board more members, he says, once it appears that requests for hearings are piling up. "My position is I'm from Missouri," he says. "Show me." Parsons says hostile employers will use the hearing requirement as a delaying tactic, "to destroy the will of workers to organize."

No one will say how much a successful organizing campaign will swell union ranks, partly because reliable labor force figures are hard to come by. The federation's 50,000 members (that doesn't include teachers or nurses, who bargain collectively but are not affiliated with the federation) represent 25% to 30% of the provincial work force, a level of unionization about average for Canada. Newfoundland's labor movement owes much of its strength to the tremendous growth in the Newfoundland Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers' Union and the Newfoundland Association of Public Employees. Neither existed before 1970; today the two unions claim a total of 23,000 members.

Other unions have not fared so well. When Parsons moved back to Newfoundland from Labrador 12 years ago, the USWA had 2,600 members on the island. Mine closures and layoffs have cut their number to fewer than 1,000 today. Unemployment among building tradesmen in the province has been close to 50% for most of the past six years, and Parsons suspects many of the more than 25,000 people who have left Newfoundland since 1979 are construction workers and their families.

Bill Gillespie, a CBC news reporter in St. John's who has written a history of the labor federation, says the Newfoundland labor movement was once "the most highly developed in North America." He discovered that in the years just prior to Confederation, Newfoundland—despite its largely rural economy—had a much greater proportion of organized workers than either Canada or the U.S. "There was a shop workers' union on Water Street [in St. John's] which had 2,000 members," Gillespie says. "Look down Water Street now and if you found 500, you'd be lucky." Today's federation is hoping the economy, as bad as it is, will help bring this generation of working people back into the fold.

— Amy Zierler

**"My work brings me closer to people.
My art brings me closer to me."**

**JEAN MILLER
NURSE**



THE McGUINNESS ATTITUDE

You're not everybody. You make your own choices. You set your own style. Nobody sells you with a label or a fancy price. You know what you like and that's what counts.

McGuinness Vodka.

And now, the good news for northeastern New Brunswick

Despite depressed zinc markets, Ottawa is betting a small fortune on a new zinc smelter near Bathurst. The payoff? Hundreds of jobs

It hardly seemed like the time to decide to build Canada's fifth zinc smelter. Last year, the automobile and construction industries—the biggest users of zinc—were both depressed. Many North American zinc smelters were operating at less than capacity. Zinc prices languished far below 1974 levels.

Yet, to much rejoicing in northeastern New Brunswick, an area of high unemployment, two Noranda Group companies have started building a zinc plant at Belledune, N.B., 40 km north of Bathurst, that will produce a fifth as much zinc metal as the entire United

company got no break on power rates, even though the smelter, with its electrolysis process, will use 60 megawatts, boosting Brunswick's total consumption to 150 megawatts, about a quarter of the expected output of the Lepreau nuclear plant.

Brunswick Mining, 64% owned by Noranda, is the world's largest zinc producer, and its zinc reserves are the largest on the continent. It mines base metals—lead, zinc, silver and copper—near Bathurst, with total reserves of 100 million tons, good for 40 years. The company also has a lead smelter, employing 600, and a phosphate fertilizer plant, employing 100, both at Belledune. Brunswick will own 66% of the zinc smelter with Heath Steele Mines Ltd., 75% owned by Noranda. (Heath Steele operates a mine near Newcastle.)

The new smelter will handle 250,000 tons of zinc concentrate, which can be smelted into 110,000 tons of metals. Because the company produces 450,000 tons of concentrate, it will still have 200,000 tons for sales and a source of revenue should the smelter have to be temporarily shut down.

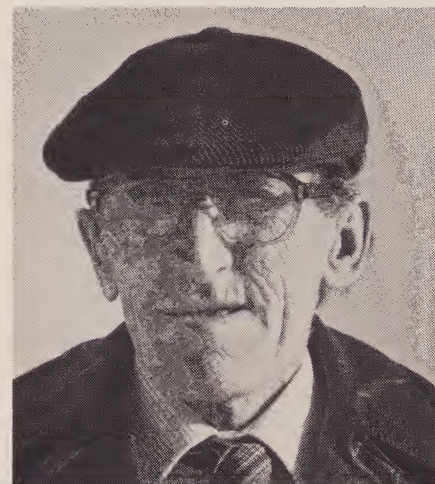
Opposition MLA Rayburn Doucet of Jacquet River, Belledune's nearest neighboring village, says the smelter should have been built years ago. He's been making the same speech since 1972, when the company converted what was a lead-zinc smelter into the lead smelter of today. "We have 46% of the lead reserves of Canada, 36% of the silver resources and 38% of the zinc resources," he says.

Doucet says his concern now is to see that the unemployed in his Restigouche County riding will get construction jobs at the complex, which will include seven major buildings. The line dividing Restigouche and Gloucester counties runs through Belledune, and the 150-acre site is in Gloucester on the south side. When constituents seeking laboring jobs complained that the union was hiring Gloucester residents first, Doucet says, "I told them I'd take their names, and I now have 200 names." Romain Landry of Bathurst, Laborers' International Union representative, says union members come first, but anyone can join the union. He discourages the unemployed from joining, however, because "there are dues to pay" and it may be months before they'd be needed at Belledune. While the union will try to be fair, Landry says, "there are

only so many jobs."

Belledune Mayor Joseph McDonnell expects the new smelter to bring growth to the village, even though its population only went to its current 750 from 700 when the lead smelter opened. He foresees no problems with the zinc operation, provided cadmium doesn't run off into lobster beds as it did from the lead smelter a few years ago. Young says the Brunswick company spent \$4 million to solve the cadmium problem and is spending \$7 million in the new smelter to prevent another one.

Noranda, now a giant conglomerate, exists because an Enfield, N.S., prospector, the late Edmund Horne, struck gold at Rouyn, Que., in the early Twenties after persuading 12 men in backwoods Ontario to put up \$225 each for a grubstake. Noranda took control of Brunswick Mining in the late Sixties at the pleading of then premier Louis J. Robichaud, today a senator, and converted the impractical lead-zinc smelter.



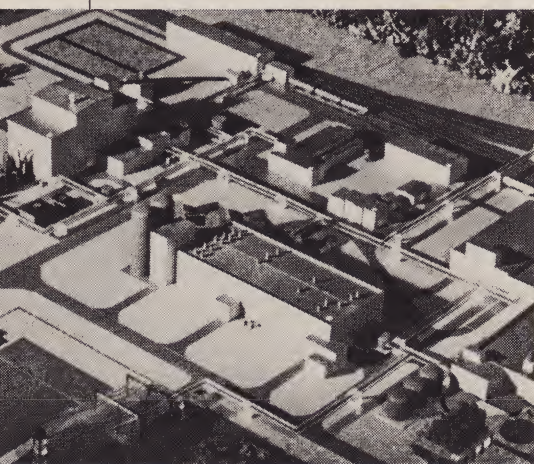
CHRIS LOVEGROVE

Mayor McDonnell: Belledune will grow

The ore near Bathurst was discovered in 1953, but nothing happened for 10 years. Then, with Robichaud providing guarantees, industrialist K.C. Irving opened the mine and built the smelter. Robichaud dumped Irving because, N.B. Senator Charles McElman told the Senate, "the project went from problems to chaos.... The smelter...was a mess and it just would not work." Young recalls Brunswick's pre-Noranda days: "There were weeks when we didn't know if we would be paid."

Ottawa, already investing a fortune in the zinc smelter, could probably ensure its success by adding a penny. A zinc penny. This year, the U.S. will make its penny mostly out of zinc instead of copper. Financial analysts say if other countries follow suit, this could help boost zinc prices. Because Brunswick produces far more zinc than copper, Young says he'd vote for a zinc penny. And a lead nickel too, no doubt.

— Jon Everett



Model of Belledune's new zinc plant

States does. During construction, the plant will employ up to 1,200 workers, and when it opens in late 1984, it will create 400 permanent jobs.

"We didn't just consider the present," explains Alan Young of Belledune, vice-president, smelting division, of Brunswick Mining and Smelting Corp. Ltd., "or we wouldn't have done it. We looked at 1985 and beyond, and we believed the markets will be good."

Federal tax incentives for new industry in depressed areas undoubtedly influenced the company's decision, as well. Brunswick's benefits may exceed \$150 million. The catch is that, to keep this money instead of remitting it in taxes, the company must first earn massive profits. In recent years, company profits have been in the requisite range. Meanwhile, the company will also receive \$13.25 million from New Brunswick and \$21.75 million in cash from Ottawa, through the Department of Regional Economic Expansion. Young says the



A taste you can call your own.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling.
Av. per cigarette: Player's Light: Reg: 14 mg "tar", 1.0 mg nicotine. Player's Filter: Reg: 17 mg "tar", 1.2 mg nicotine.



Point Lepreau: In seven years, costs almost tripled

Lepreau: Splitting the atom—and New Brunswick

N.B. Power says its first nuclear power station should start producing electricity this spring. But the plant's jinxed construction history worries a lot of people. How safe is Lepreau? And how big will its gigantic debt grow?

By Jon Everett

In a Saint John, N.B., union office, eight pipefitters are sitting around, complaining about the bad name they and 3,000 other workers acquired in seven years of building New Brunswick's Point Lepreau nuclear power station. "The public," one says, "thinks we arrived late, left early, took long lunch and coffee breaks, drank or smoked dope most of the time, and worked only one and a half hours a day."

The pipefitters are blaming the N.B. Electric Power Commission for this. The commission, the pipefitters maintain, made the construction workers look like the bad guys to shift the blame from its own mismanagement: Originally, the power project was to cost \$466 million; now it's bloated to \$1.215 billion. If there had been any kind of proper management, the pipefitters ask, would it have permitted "prostitution and fornication" on the job site?

The tone of the discussion is typical of the rancor that has clouded Lepreau since construction started in 1975. The

power station is supposed to begin producing electricity for sale this spring. But the wrangling, sometimes bizarre, sometimes deadly serious, goes on. Who's to blame for the huge cost overrun? How safe is Lepreau? Did New Brunswick even need a nuclear power station in the first place?

At Lepreau, 25 miles west of Saint John, N.B. Power plans to split the atom, an invisible particle of matter, to make heat to make steam to run a turbine to produce electricity. In doing so it already has split New Brunswick. And, as demands for public hearings on Lepreau continue, Round 2 in the power debate is starting to emerge: The provincial government is laying the groundwork for a second power station, Lepreau II.

The power commission applied in June, 1981, to the Atomic Energy Control Board (AECB), the federal regulatory agency, for a licence to operate its 630-megawatt, Canadian-designed CANDU reactor this year. An N.B. Power official says Lepreau should start producing "sometime in April, on." Ray Frenette,



Cockburn: It's N.B.'s "greatest investment"

energy critic for the provincial opposition Liberals, says N.B. Power will be lucky if production starts before next year.

At this point, Frenette says, New Brunswick can't turn back: Every week's delay adds another \$3.5 million in interest charges to an already gigantic debt. But "in the interests of building confidence" in the project, he wants the province to finally hold public hearings on Lepreau. The AECB doesn't require such hearings, however, and N.B. Power chairman Bill Cockburn, who promises that Lepreau will become "the greatest investment ever made in the province," can't see the point of holding them. All they'd do, he says, is "attract the kooks of the world, the antis out there, and the professional antis."

The "anti-nukes," a militant minority in New Brunswick who for years have been marching and demonstrating against the power project, naturally are among those calling for public hearings



"Anti-nuke" Janice Brown

before an operating licence is granted—even though it may be too late to stop Lepreau. "I don't think the public of New Brunswick has been properly informed," says Janice Brown of Fredericton, spokesman for the Maritime Energy Coalition.

The source of power at Lepreau is the atom, a particle of matter so tiny there are a trillion of them in the period at the end of this sentence. Inside each atom is a solar system, where negatively charged electrons orbit like planets around a nucleus composed of positively charged protons bound to uncharged neutrons. Certain atoms are radioactive, which means that neutrons fly out of them. If a neutron travelling at a slow speed crashes into a radioactive atom, the atom splits. Heat is released and some neutrons escape. If a neutron can be slowed down so that it will strike an atom at the correct speed, split it, create energy and free more neutrons to do the same thing, you have a self-sustaining chain reaction. Atom-splitting, or fission, is achieved in a nuclear reactor by immersing radioactive fuel in a substance that moderates the speed of the neutrons. In the CANDU

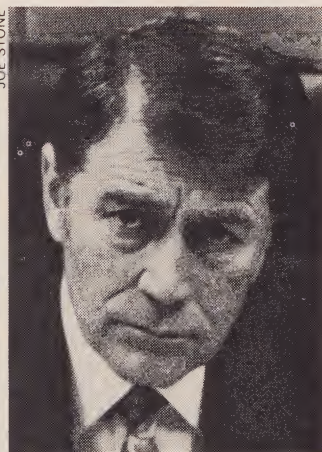


The control room: Every week's delay costs \$3.5 million

reactor the fuel is natural uranium, and the moderator is heavy water.

The problem with splitting atoms is that it's a bit like opening Pandora's box. All sorts of nasty jots and dots spring up along with the heat and the neutrons. These are known under the general heading of radiation. Atomic Energy of Canada Limited (AECL), a federal crown corporation, and N.B. Power stress that the CANDU's redundant safety systems make it certain that dangerous levels of radiation will never escape into the outside world. Others aren't so certain.

"The power commission continually harps on the fact that the AECL will not grant a licence to a plant that's unsafe," says Brown of the Maritime Energy Coalition. "But our point is that the AECL is understaffed. They tell us they're understaffed. They tell us they do not have the facilities nor the manpower to completely monitor all aspects of construction. The cracks on the container building is an example of that. The power commission undertook to repair them before the AECL even knew about



Frenette wants public hearings

it." The cracks were filled with epoxy and the AECL pronounced them fixed. But Ramzi Ferahan of Montreal, an earthquake expert who left Lepreau in 1976 because he didn't think it was being built safe enough, says there should be no cracks at all on the containment building.

In a worst-case accident in which radiation breached the building or the fuel melted through the floor, the wind would carry plumes of radiation. If there was no warning and the wind was blowing east quickly enough, Brown says, "we could lose Saint John." People would be hit by invisible, but deadly, rays.

Barring war, the most likely scenario for trouble is a small pipe break that would create conditions misread by the operators, who'd make wrong decisions. That's what happened at Three Mile Island in 1979. Hydrogen formed, blew up and then formed into a big bubble. Only a lack of oxygen prevented a bigger explosion. The pipefitters say N.B. Power has experience with small problems becoming big ones. In February, 1979, a \$75 instrument malfunctioned at the Coleson Cove oil-fired plant, causing an employee to make a wrong decision.

P.E.I. protesters joined the debate



COVER STORY

What happened, the pipefitters say, is that a turbine seized and caught fire. At the time, N.B. Power reported a "small fire." A month later, it admitted \$1 million in damage.

In December, 1981, when N.B. Power attempted the first step of "turning on" the reactor—pumping heavy water into the heart of the system—two, 15,000-gallon tanks holding the heavy water buckled. Fortunately, none of the 520 tons of heavy water, valued at \$10 an ounce, spilled. N.B. Power says a mixup of valves caused the accident. The pipefitters say N.B. Power had a similar accident before. In 1976, when it first pumped mineral water out of a tank at Coleson Cove, that tank also buckled.

Then there's the problem of what to do with the radioactive waste. Lepreau includes a giant, swimming pool-like area where the first 10 years' supply can be stored. A second pool will have to be built for the second 10 years. After that, N.B. Power hopes Canada has a place deep under ground where it can ship wastes for burial. But no government in the world has yet solved the problem of radioactive waste.

AECL developed the CANDU reactor, but up to now only Ontario has operated one. Ontario Hydro has eight units in operation dating back to 1971 and 12 more under construction. Besides New Brunswick, Quebec, Argentina and Korea are building single units. New Brunswick's Conservative government decided to build Lepreau in 1974 and started construction the next year.

Frenette says he believes the province "could easily have done without Lepreau" because its 600 megawatts will bring provincial capacity to 3,100 m.w. The greatest use now, including exports, is 2,300 m.w. and the greatest in-province use is 1,400 m.w. As well, New Brunswick can buy large blocks of power from Quebec. But Lin Titus, N.B. Power's strategic development manager, says that although the utility's current total capacity is 2,500 m.w. mostly coming from six thermal and six hydroelectric units, planners could only count 1,700 m.w. Of



The plant's low-pressure cylinder area

hydro's 850 m.w., 400 has to be subtracted because output depends on variables such as snowfall. Of oil-fired Coleson Cove's 1,000 m.w., 400 has to be subtracted because it was committed for export to Maine, although this has been reduced to 133 m.w. because Ottawa disallowed a federally subsidized price.

New Brunswick buys all the Quebec power available, Titus says, but this can be withdrawn on short notice.

The province's financial stake in Lepreau is enormous. Cockburn says that once the plant is built, it will be cheap to run. At first the cost of power will be roughly the same as power from oil (about 52 mills per k.w.h.) but then will remain constant while oil prices go out of sight. Premier Richard Hatfield has told the legislature that Lepreau will be worth \$16 billion in uneeded oil over 30 years, its

amortization period.

In the meantime, however, N.B. electricity rates have gone up 180% since Lepreau started, overtaking Nova Scotia's, which were once 60% higher. This occurred despite annual multi-million-dollar N.B. Power profits. Frenette says there is little doubt that the billion-plus borrowed for Lepreau is responsible for the rate hikes.

In the past decade, N.B. Power's debt has gone from \$305 million to \$1.9 billion; the province's debt, from \$400 million to \$900 million. The entire operating budget of New Brunswick is only \$1.7 billion, and Ottawa provides \$700 million of that. If N.B. Power were refused credit in the marketplace, Frenette says, its guarantor, the province, would also be cut off. So essentially, the power rates go up so the province won't go down while it is rolling dice on a nuclear plant.

If Lepreau doesn't operate, as happened in Quebec with the semi-CANDU Gentilly I, or is fouled by radioactivity like Three Mile Island, or falls far short of its minimum 80% operating load target, the financial consequences for New Brunswick would be catastrophic.

Fear of failure is the main reason N.B. Power applied to the National Energy Board for permission to export a third of Lepreau's output. Otherwise, it would make more sense to put the supposedly cheap Lepreau energy on the N.B. grid to displace expensive oil energy. But the Massachusetts and Maine utilities



Electricians shut down construction for nine weeks



Tory MLA Hazen Meyers inspects collapsed water tank

who are to buy energy from Lepreau are not just customers; they're shareholders. Once the plant operates, they'll pay for their share of the plant no matter how much power they receive. So the exports work like insurance policies and run a minimum of six years. New Brunswick is now shopping for another client to boost the total sale to half Lepreau's output. It asked Nova Scotia and P.E.I. They said no thanks.

Lepreau's costs almost tripled during construction for five main reasons: Inflation, design changes, the installation of defective steam generators, horrendous labor-management relations and cost-plus contracts.

Cockburn says a steady stream of design changes came from the vendor, AECL, and the regulator, AECB. "We had a number of occasions at Point Lepreau where the design changes came after the fact, after the damned segment was in place," he says. "We had to go back and tear it out and put it back in. That was a very expensive proposition."

Originally, AECL extended 50% financing for the project up to a maximum of \$350 million. But when costs soared because of design changes, AECL didn't offer to increase the loan. AECL also delivered the plant's defective boilers. Repairing them took nearly two years while costs escalated by \$200 million. All New Brunswick received in compensation was \$7 million from the manufacturer—half the cost of repairing the boilers—and the forgiving of \$85 million in interest payments by AECL.

The massive, 60-foot high boilers, which convert heat from the reactor into steam for the turbine, were brought into the reactor building through holes left in the 3½-foot-thick cement walls and closed in. Frenette wonders why N.B. Power's "quality assurance" crew didn't pick up the defects before installation. "Had they discovered them before enclosing them," Frenette says, "it would have been easy to replace them with new ones." N.B. Power public affairs manager Terry Thompson replies: "The way they came to us, they came as sealed units...and the quality assurance program didn't, I guess, require a visual inspection at that stage."

The Lepreau pipefitters maintain that similar bungling occurred every other day at the project:

About eight heat exchange tanks for a cooling system arrived from a large Canadian manufacturer with plugs in their tubes. The factory is supposed to blow the plugs through the pipes to clean them and then remove the plugs. At Lepreau the sealed tanks had to be ripped open.

Workers installed valves with hairline cracks after approval by N.B. Power quality assurance. The valves had to do with instrumentation in the reactor room. After pipefitters reported the cracks, workers cut out at least 100 valves. Some came back "bent or disfigured" for reinstallation, which took months.

A degasser vessel, a reactor-room component, designed for Argentina's CANDU was installed at Lepreau in error, with much difficulty.

The pipefitters say that in 1981, as N.B. Power pressed for completion of the project, cautious pipe-installation procedures were thrown to the wind. For instance, they stopped preheating pipes to remove moisture before welding, thereby increasing the risk "of getting cracks in the welds." One pipefitter says the men did as they were told, but didn't slap the pipes together. "We ourselves took precautions," he says, "because we have to live around here."

Labor and N.B. Power were at each other's throats right from the 1975

Lepreau startup, carrying along bad will that developed at Coleson Cove, a four-year project at nearby Lorneville then at peak construction. As early as 1976, the opposition called for a royal commission into the two projects, after obtaining an N.B. Power document accusing workers of "thefts, arson, vandalism and low productivity."

By 1980, Lepreau had 103 work stoppages—92,000 man-days lost. Three were legal strikes; one, by the electricians, shut down the project for nine weeks in the summer of 1978 at a cost of \$300,000-plus per day.

Throughout the project, labor and N.B. Power weren't permitted to talk to each other directly, but had to go through

Some of the best things
are measured by the ounce.



Seagram's V.O.

Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky. Only V.O. is V.O.

COVER STORY

a third party, the Lorneville Bargaining Authority. Cockburn says the LBA created "tremendous confusion, and confusion was just part of it." The pipefitters say the three-way arrangement made settling minor grievances impossible, so they all flared into confrontations. And Thompson recalls, "Whenever there was a strike, someone would call up and say, 'What's N.B. Power going to do about this?' Our hands were tied...those guys [the LBA] were responsible."

A study of Lepreau by the Canadian Construction Association (CCA), describing Lepreau as the most problem-

plagued mega project in Canada, says N.B. Power's habit of caving in to union demands led to the worst of two worlds—"frequent work stoppages and lucrative contract terms."

Lepreau contracts paid workers both room and board and travel allowances, and this added at least \$10 million to the project cost.

By 1980, the opposition obtained a confidential consultant's report on labor productivity. It said employees at Lepreau were spending only 20% of their time working. One worker, asked on national TV what the men did the rest of

the time, replied: "Drink and smoke dope." The pipefitters say this was a joke, but the public took it seriously.

The consultant's reports charge that workers habitually arrived late, left early and took long breaks. The pipefitters say this was management's fault, and the contractors didn't care because they were on a cost-plus basis: The longer a job took, the more money they made. Cost-plus contractors handled 60% of the project, and the CCA report concludes that most of them "were not terribly concerned with holding down costs." Cockburn says that, with all the design changes, N.B. Power could obtain bids on certain contracts only on a cost-plus basis.

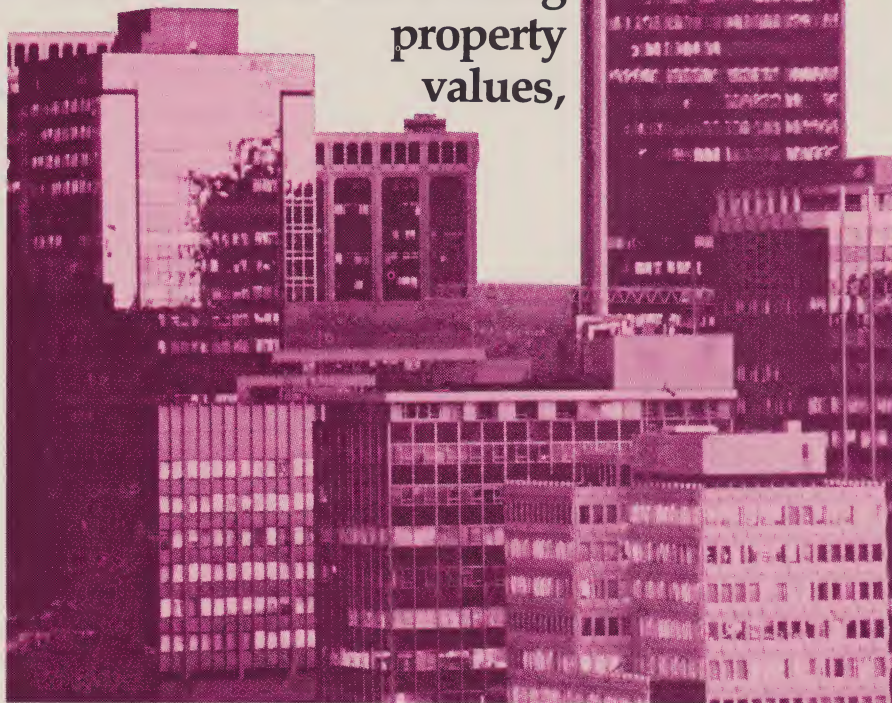
One name that keeps popping up in the cost-plus controversy is a comparatively small Saint John electrical contractor, Norman W. Francis Ltd. Cockburn says the Liberals singled out "poor Norman" because he's a known Tory supporter. Frenette says Francis got \$5 million in contracts and earned \$25 million. Finally, there's the lonely vigil of a former N.B. Power employee, Gerard Daly. He's been trying for six years to get an investigation into his allegations that N.B. Power changed the terms of a \$4-million Coleson Cove tender call after it had been advertised, so the contract would be taken away from one contractor and given to another. Daly's allegation has been tied up in the Conservative-dominated legislature energy committee since 1979. Now selling real estate in Fredericton, Daly says the cost-plus nature of Lepreau contracts gave N.B. Power plenty of room to manipulate contracts to whom-ever it wanted.

Lepreau undoubtedly will figure in the provincial election expected this year. If the plant is working, it will be a plus for the Tories. And it will set up Lepreau II as a major issue. The government already has put the wheels in motion for a second, \$2.5-billion, 630-megawatt unit by obtaining a seven-year, no-strike undertaking from the Saint John unions, scouting for export markets and seeking a good money deal from Ottawa.

But the wrangling over the first Lepreau plant is far from over. N.B. Power now is suing the pipefitters and their union local for an illegal, three-day walkout in June, 1980, a few days before the international union stepped in and took jurisdiction at Lepreau from the local. Most of the \$1.5 million represents money that N.B. Power says it lost because of the strike.

To make the power utility justify its claim, the pipefitters will demand an accounting in court of every dime N.B. Power spent on Lepreau. As a result, New Brunswick may have a public inquiry into Point Lepreau after all. ☒

An RRSP that harnesses Canada's rising property values,



and leaves inflation on the ground floor.

We're CANADIAN PROPERTY INVESTORS TRUST. And we're offering an investment opportunity with an equity growth potential that out-flanks inflation.

Your investment is pooled with the investments of a large number of other participants. This pool is then used to acquire prime, income-producing commercial properties in Canada to create a highly profitable and diversified portfolio.

Not only is your investment in CANADIAN PROPERTY INVESTORS TRUST a secure hedge against inflation as property values rise and profits are reinvested, but it is also a qualified investment for your RRSP.

For full details and prospectus contact:

CPI REALTY FUNDING LIMITED

1331 Brenton Street,
Halifax, Nova Scotia, B3J 2K5
(902) 429-0112

The Murray Premises, Box 216
St. John's, Newfoundland, A1E 4E8
(709) 753-7081

 **Canadian
Property
Investors Trust**
Investors in Canadian Real Estate

This advertisement is not to be construed as a public offering in any province in Canada unless a prospectus relating thereto has been accepted for filing by a securities commission or similar authority in such province. The offering is made by the prospectus only and copies thereof may be obtained from CPI Realty Funding Limited and other dealers as may lawfully offer these securities in such province.

MYERS'S



ULTRA LIGHT TASTE. MYERS'S WHITE RUM.

SMALL TOWNS



Victoria: "One of those marvellous freaks of nature"

Victoria, P.E.I.

The Trans-Canada Highway bypassed Victoria. So did the shopping centres and tourist amusement parks. And that—along with its independent-minded citizens—is what makes Victoria the enchanting, picture-postcard place it is today

By Stephen Kimber

Donald MacLeod says she can't think of a finer, fairer place in which to grow up than her own home town: Lush, lovely Victoria-by-the-Sea, Prince Edward Island's postcard-perfect imitation of an English country village, filled with gabled, old houses and towering shade trees, washed on one side by the warming waters of the Northumberland Strait and cosseted on the other by the rich, rolling red of the Island's best farmland. "It's the kind of place," MacLeod says with fondness, "where everyone wishes they'd grown up."

MacLeod's own life, of course, has changed dramatically in the more than 30 years since she grew up in Victoria. She won the Miss Prince Edward Island title in 1951 and placed second in the Miss Canada pageant in 1954, then went on to become, as Victoria's community history proudly notes, "a leading model at Saks Fifth Avenue store in New York, displayed fashions for John Roberts Power and appeared on the *Dave Garro-*

way Morning Show." She also married a New York automotive executive, raised a family, divorced and finally returned to the Island, where she moved back into an old house in Victoria and became one of the hosts of CBC Radio's Charlottetown *Information Morning* program. During all that time, however, the community she grew up in seems not to have changed at all. "Victoria," she says, "is one of those marvellous freaks of nature. Nothing has been done to it yet that sticks out at you and says, 'How ugly I am.'"

Victoria is, in truth, one of P.E.I.'s most beautiful and unspoiled tourist towns, dotted with unobtrusive antique stores and craft shops, a wharfside restaurant offering lobster suppers and an old country inn in a former sea captain's house. Even its grittier industries—a small, independently owned inshore fishing fleet and an experimental lobster farming operation owned by Charlottetown real estate developer Hugh (Pete) Paton—don't intrude on the almost enchanted quality of the place.

Founded in 1819 by James Bardin Palmer, an Irish immigrant lawyer who was one of the prominent members of an early Island political faction, Victoria has neat, blocked streets that were laid out on a corner of his estate 30 years later by one of his sons, who recognized the potential of Victoria's sheltered natural harbor and strategic location. By the 1860s, Victoria was prosperous, partly because smugglers and evaders of import duty considered small Island ports safe havens. The good times lasted until steam finally took the wind out of the Golden Age of Sail at the turn of the century. But for many, Victoria's more recent status as a commercial backwater was just fine, thank you very much.

"Wonderfully," MacLeod says, "the Trans-Canada Highway ignored us. Wonderfully, too, all the people who wanted to build businesses and shopping centres and—God forbid—go-kart rides have also ignored Victoria. We've been very lucky."

There was a time not that long ago, however, when few people in Victoria would buy that philosophy. Many believed, for example, that the decision to route the Trans-Canada Highway through Crapaud, the nearby and hated rival village, was the final, humiliating indignity to the corpse of what had once been a bustling and prosperous seaport.

"There were some pretty bleak times in Victoria in the Fifties and Sixties," says Walter Lea, a Charlottetown high

A decorative red and white border featuring a large central heart shape surrounded by intricate floral and scrollwork patterns. The design is symmetrical and ornate, with various floral motifs, scrolls, and smaller heart shapes integrated into the overall pattern. The central heart is a solid white space, while the surrounding border is filled with detailed red line art on a white background.





SMALL TO

There's only one thing to do if you didn't receive a subscription to **Atlantic Insight** for Christmas!



Victoria, P.E.I.

The Trans-Canada Highway bypassed Victoria, leaving shopping centers and tourist attractions packed. And it left its independent-minded citizens — in what nation? — no highway, almost ground-level access to the water.

By Stephen Reuter

During the 1960s, when the west coast of Canada first began to open up, the Trans-Canada Highway was built. It was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated. The Trans-Canada Highway was built in the 1960s, and it was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated.

The Trans-Canada Highway was built in the 1960s, and it was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated. The Trans-Canada Highway was built in the 1960s, and it was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated.

The Trans-Canada Highway was built in the 1960s, and it was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated. The Trans-Canada Highway was built in the 1960s, and it was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated.

The Trans-Canada Highway was built in the 1960s, and it was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated. The Trans-Canada Highway was built in the 1960s, and it was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated.

The Trans-Canada Highway was built in the 1960s, and it was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated. The Trans-Canada Highway was built in the 1960s, and it was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated.

The Trans-Canada Highway was built in the 1960s, and it was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated. The Trans-Canada Highway was built in the 1960s, and it was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated.

The Trans-Canada Highway was built in the 1960s, and it was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated. The Trans-Canada Highway was built in the 1960s, and it was a great road, but it was also a great barrier. It cut off the coast from the rest of the country, leaving the west coast isolated.

school teacher who lives in Victoria and is the grandson of Walter M. Lea, a former P.E.I. premier and Victoria's most famous native son. "It seemed that every time you turned around during that period, you heard about another person who was moving to Ontario or Quebec or the United States."

Nothing seemed to go Victoria's way. In 1954, the Victoria Rink, home to the Victoria Unions, one of the Island's most successful hockey teams, was demolished and rebuilt in Crapaud. Three years later, the Bank of Nova Scotia, an institution in Victoria since the early 1900s, moved to Crapaud. "There are people in Victoria," Lea says with a smile, "who still do their banking in Charlottetown rather than go to the one in Crapaud." Although Crapaud seems to have won the war of facilities—the curling rink, the school and even the funeral parlor are located there now—Victorians refuse to give up. "If the Summerside paper has a write-up about the Anglican Youth Camp," Lea says, "and it happens to say that the children went for a swim at Crapaud, the newspaper will still get calls from people here to remind them that you can't swim at Crapaud, that you have to come to Victoria to swim."

Lea isn't above a little parochial tub-thumping himself. "I think there really is something special about Victoria," he says fondly. "For such a small town, it can claim an incredible number of people who've gone away and done very well for themselves. They're people who seem to have a sense of presence about them, a presence that I think comes from the feeling of belonging you get in a small town like this."

That's one reason Lea and his wife have chosen to raise their two small children in Victoria. "It's not like being in a suburb," he says. "You spend time with different generations every day, and you socialize with fishermen and other people you probably wouldn't even meet in a city."

Will Victoria still be that kind of place 10 years from now? Ansel Ferguson is doubtful. He's a 49-year-old fisherman who remembers that when he was growing up, Victoria boasted more than 20 fishing boats, manned by "a lot of good, tough young men." When he began to fish himself, however, there were just three boats left. "I was 29 or 30

then," he says sadly, "but I was considered a kid by the fishermen that were left. The old ones were all dead or retired and no one had taken their place. That's the way it's been in Victoria."

Back in the 1870s, when Ferguson's grandmother, Josie Inman, was a girl, Victoria was the most important centre of shipping and commerce between Summerside and Charlottetown. It also had the fourth busiest harbor on the Island.

blacksmith shop. Others wandered in and out of Victoria's four competing general stores or picked up mail at the post office. Some, of course, passed the time gossiping with rural neighbors they rarely saw, or simply watched the commercial travellers hurrying in and out of the Eureka House hotel and the carpenters' building Charlotte MacQuarrie's new house down the block.

Ansel Ferguson, describing Victoria as it is today, pictures the village in his mind's eye. "Let me see, now," he says. "There's a retired gentleman who lives in that house and an old couple in the one next to that, then there's a retired lady, an elderly man and a... Hell, if you were to take away the fishermen and Pete Paton and Larry Peck, Victoria would be as dead as a doornail today."

Although Victoria does have a high percentage of senior citizens, Walter Lea says, the town recently has attracted some new, younger residents who want to make their future here. Besides, he adds, Victoria's people—old and new—are special. "I think Victoria attracts people because here they feel freer to develop their own eccentricities, their own independent ways of thinking."

And they do. In a population that barely tops 200 even in the middle of the tourist season, Victoria boasts a former air force major who repairs antique clocks, an actor whose main role is playing Ronald McDonald for the hamburger chain, an innkeeper



Christine Elliott: An unregenerate anglophile



Peck runs an inn and a charter cruise business

SMALL TOWNS

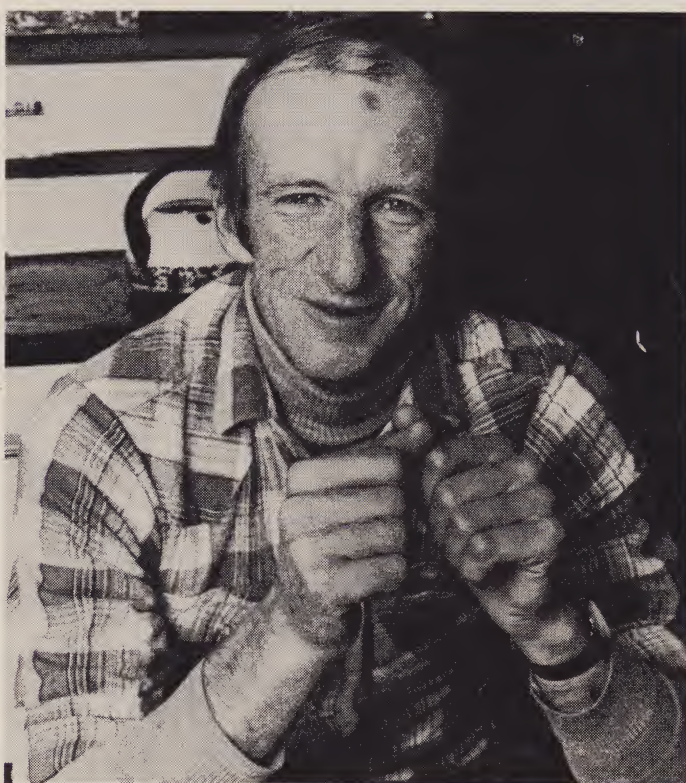
who trained as a social worker, a fisherman who used to be the spice master for a herb manufacturer, a Russian *émigrée* who is 80 and still teaching opera in the winter in Cambridge, Mass., and a Canadian senator whose specialty is international relations.

"In my own block," Donald MacLeod says, "there are newer arrivals like the Friesens (the couple who run Time Was Limited, Victoria's clock and antique shop) and Marian Lea (a daughter of the former premier). This Christmas, I'll get a card from her from Caracas. I think it takes a lot of chutzpah to spend Christmas in Venezuela when you're 81. The people make Victoria interesting. There's such an intriguing blending of the old and the new."

Captain Larry Peck, the owner of the Victoria Village Inn and Prince Edward Island Sailing Adventures Limited—Victoria's two major tourist lures—is one of the new arrivals. He was an Ottawa social worker who didn't know Victoria even existed until one night nine years ago, when he happened to catch an experimental CBC-TV drama called *The Late Man*. Although Victoria was merely the incidental setting for the show, which dealt with a community in which people suffer from a rare disease that causes them to age rapidly, Peck was enchanted by what he saw. He was also in the midst of a divorce and fed up with the bureaucratic aspects of his job. He moved to Victoria in his sailboat less than a year later and has called it home ever since.

In the winter, Peck boards with Christine Elliott, a sprightly, 79-year-old woman known to everyone in town as "Teen." They met in 1974, when she invited the strange young man, who had spent his first winter in Victoria living aboard his sailboat, for Sunday dinner. They've been friends ever since. One spring, after Peck had spent the winter running charter cruises in the West Indies, "Teen" showed him an upstairs bedroom she'd redecorated with sailing ship wallpaper while he'd been away. It would be, she told him, his room from then on. "She's an incredible woman, one of a kind," Peck says.

Elliott, born in nearby Argyle Shore, lived in the U.S. for 30 years before coming back and buying an old store and warehouse on Victoria's waterfront and turning it into a huge, comfortable house. Besides being an animal lover and an antique collector, she is also, Peck says, an unregenerate anglophile. She has bedecked the inside of her house with British flags and banners and all



Ferguson: It's an old people's town today

manner of souvenirs, plates, books, photos, mementoes and other assorted kitsch from past royal visits, weddings and coronations. There's even a Union Jack-draped waste basket in the dining room and a sheaf of stationery from the SS *Queen Mary* in an upstairs sitting room. Every Sunday, she serves a roast beef and Yorkshire pudding dinner under the watchful gaze of a portrait of Winston Churchill.

Along with Peck, her guests often include summer neighbors such as Marian Stewart, the former owner of the nearby, 500-acre Strathgartney Homestead, now a museum and tourist attrac-



Howard and Catherine Wood and their 19th-century home, once owned by Victoria's founding family, the Palmers

tion, and 80-year-old Olga Federovsky, who escaped Russia during the Revolution and teaches opera at Harvard University. "When 'Teen' and Marian and Olga get together," Peck says with a delighted laugh, "dinner is an experience."

"I think it was Olga who really summed up what makes Victoria so special," Donald MacLeod says. "She said that esthetically, there was something about the place that forced creative people to make a commitment to it."

Larry Peck has. Besides running his own businesses, he's encouraging other people—such as Erskine Smith, an actor who is the McDonald's hamburger chain's official Ronald McDonald for the Atlantic region—to revive summer stock theatre in the community. Last Thanksgiving, Smith and his wife, Pat, helped the Women's Institute and the local Recreation Commission put on a variety concert using local performers.

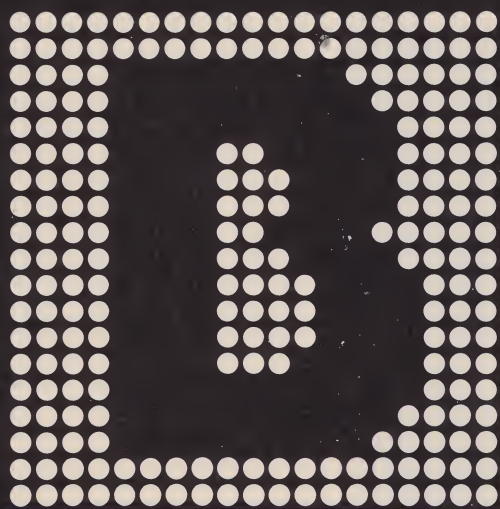
"It was incredible," Peck says. "Everyone showed up and it felt like, 'God, here's our community's heart beating again!' If we can get people like Erskine and his wife, who've been in theatre all their lives and who live in the community, to get a theatre going, it would be, I think, a *cause célèbre* for Victoria as a community."

Peck becomes excited when he talks about Victoria's potential. "Our job," he says, "is to reconcile the wealth of our past with the excitement of the future. We don't have to create a fake past here. It's all here. It's real; it's not antiseptic."

Someone mentions the Lots for Sale sign at the edge of a large open field at one end of the village. "I know," Peck says, "and it makes me want to cry. Can you imagine! Can you imagine what it would be like if someone built bungalows there?"

Peck thinks Victoria should be designated a heritage village, with future development rigorously controlled. But he admits he'll "always be an outsider" in Victoria, and he frets that he can't lead that fight.

"Sometimes," Donald MacLeod says, "I think I might be the right person to take a stand. I was born here, I went away and I came back. But you know, you can always think of reasons not to do something and you keep hoping, maybe someone else will come forward." She pauses. "Whatever we do, we'd better do it soon," she says. "If somebody decides to sell, and the wrong someone decides to buy, well.... We've got to do something soon."



AMMAN • ...
 ANA • BASEL • BEIRUT •
 AUX • BRAZZAVILLE • BRISBANE •
 DI • CAIRO • CALCUTTA • CANBERRA •
 GO • DAKAR • DJIBOUTI • DOUALA •
 FRANKFURT-ON-MAIN • GENEVA •
 KIGALI • KINSHASA • KOWEIT •
 LONDON • LOS ANGELES • LUXEMBOURG •
 MARRAKECH • MARSEILLE • MELBOURNE •
 MOSCOW • NAIROBI • NANTES • NASSAU •
 NIAMEY • NICE • NOUMEA • OSAKA • OSLO •
 PERTH • POINTE-A-PITRE • PORT-AU-PRINCE •
 ROME • ROTTERDAM • SAINT-DENIS •
 SAO PAULO • SEOUL • SINGAPORE • STOCKHOLM •
 TUNIS • WARSAW • YAOUNDE • ZURICH •
 ABIDJAN • ABU DHABI • AMSTERDAM • ANTWERP • ATHENS •
 BAHREIN • BANGKOK • BANJUL • BEIRUT • BELGRADE • BERLIN • BIRMINGHAM •
 BOGOTA • BOMBAY • BORDEAUX • BRISBANE • BUDAPEST • BUENOS AIRES •
 BUJUMBURA • BRUSSELS • BURUNDI • CALCUTTA • CANBERRA • CANTON •
CARACAS • VANCOUVER • EDMONTON • CALGARY • TORONTO • MONTREAL • QUEBEC • HALIFAX
 CASABLANCA • CAYENNE • CHICAGO • DAKAR • DJIBOUTI • DOUALA • DUBLIN • DUSSELDORF •
 EDINBURGH • FES • FORT-DE-FRANCE • FRANKFURT-ON-MAIN • GENEVA • GEORGETOWN •
 HAMBURG • HONG KONG • HOUSTON • JAKARTA • KIGALI • KINSHASA • KOWEIT • KUALA LUMPUR •
 LAGOS • LIBREVILLE • LILLE • LISBON • LOME • LONDON • LOS ANGELES • LUXEMBOURG •
 MACAO • MADRID • MANCHESTER • MANILA • MARRAKECH • MARSEILLE • MELBOURNE •
 MEXICO CITY • MILAN • MONACO • MONTE CARLO • MOSCOW • NAIROBI • NANTES • NASSAU •
 NEW DELHI • NEWPORT BEACH • NEW YORK • NIAMEY • NICE • NOUMEA • OSAKA • OSLO •
 PANAMA CITY • PARIS • PEKING • PERTH • POINTE-A-PITRE • PORT-AU-PRINCE •
 RENNES • RIO DE JANEIRO • ROME • ROTTERDAM • SAINT-DENIS • SALISBURY •
 SAN FRANCISCO • SAN JOSE • SAO PAULO • SEOUL • SINGAPORE • STOCKHOLM •
 TEHRAN • TOULOUSE • TOKYO • TUNIS • WARSAW • YAOUNDE • ZURICH •
 ABU DHABI • ADELAIDE • AGADIR • AMMAN • AMSTERDAM • ANTWERP • ATHENS •
 BARCELONA • BASEL • BEIRUT • BELGRADE • BERLIN • BIRMINGHAM •
 BORDEAUX • BRAZZAVILLE • BRISBANE • BUDAPEST • BUENOS AIRES •
 CAIRO • CALCUTTA • CANBERRA • CANTON • CARACAS •
 DAKAR • DJIBOUTI • DOUALA • DUBLIN • DUSSELDORF •
 FRANKFURT-ON-MAIN • GENEVA • GEORGETOWN •
 KINSHASA • KOWEIT • KUALA LUMPUR •
 LAGOS • LILLE • LONDON • LYON • MACAO •

BNP

Banque Nationale de Paris (Canada)

With twenty years of experience in Canada, Banque Nationale de Paris (Canada) is a full-fledged Canadian bank, providing Canadian business from coast to coast* with a direct link to 77 countries where BNP, the world's leading bank**, symbolizes excellence.

* Banque Nationale de Paris (Canada) has offices in Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Toronto, Montréal, Québec City and Halifax.

** American Banker 1980

FOLKS



BUCHHEIT/PHOTON

Aleven and his safety joggers: "We couldn't make enough of them"

When things began to get tough for Canadian shoe manufacturers a few years ago, Terra Nova Shoes of Harbour Grace, Nfld., introduced the safety jogger. "It was a very hot item," says **Albert Aleven**, who heads the family business. "For two years, we couldn't make enough of them." The colorful nylon and suede joggers look like ordinary running shoes, but their steel toes make them popular with Ontario factory workers. "We were the first to come out with casual-looking safety footwear, and we've been very, very successful," Aleven says. "People are thinking more about the way they look. An electrician doesn't want heavy boots anymore. He wants something he can wear shopping when he gets off work." While other companies have caught on to the idea, Aleven is off developing other designs, including a logger's boot made of bullet-proof nylon ("Tough enough to stop a chainsaw," Aleven says) and an adaptable sole to make regular industrial boots safer for workers in places like steel plants, bottling plants and meat markets. Dutch-born Aleven took over the Harbour Grace shoe factory from the Newfoundland government 11 years ago. It was his first business, and today his 145 employees turn out nearly 10,000 pairs every week. His son runs the branch plant in Mississauga, Ont., continuing the family shoemaking tradition.

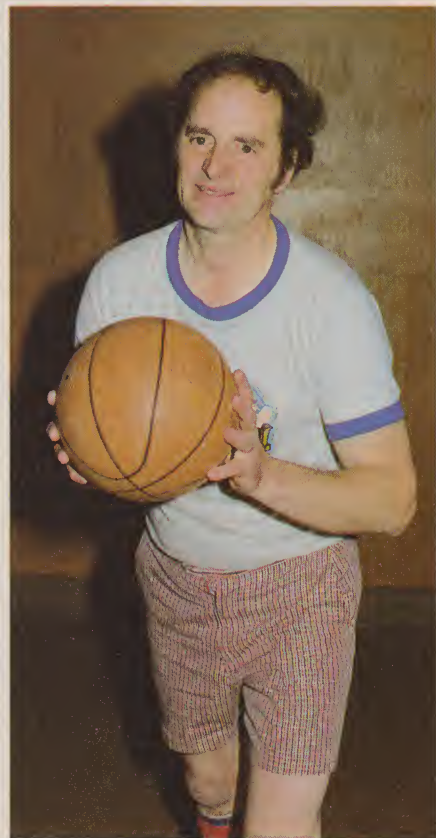
Fred Tessier, 66, known across Newfoundland as "Mr. Grand Bank," is out of municipal office for the first time in 33 years, but he's taking his first defeat at the polls philosophically. "It's democracy in action," says Tessier, who served as mayor for 28 of his 33 years on Grand Bank's town council. "I was a bit disappointed, but I'm getting adjusted." Then

he adds quickly: "You know, in the next election, I'll be only 70." Tessier ran, and won, in Grand Bank's first election in 1948, when opponents of local government sparked a riot that took 50 policemen to put down. (The opposition felt property taxes would be too high and people would lose their homes.) When he became mayor in 1953, Grand Bank was staggering under the collapse of the salt cod industry. The banking schooners that had built the town were tied up in the harbor, and there was no other work. When he lost last fall, it was trawlers that were tied up in the harbor, and the Burin Peninsula town of 4,000 was again fighting for its life. In between, however, the town prospered. Tessier helped raise money to bring in one of the province's first freezing plants. "Some people scraped together \$100," he says. "I myself put in \$1,000, but I had to get it from a bank. My wages were only \$150 a month in those days." Tessier still works every day at the office where he has been accountant for 35 years, and he continues his interest in soccer, church and community groups. "I like to be with people and my health is good," he says. "I'm playing it by ear."

Four years ago, **Terry Kelly** was fresh out of university, with a bachelor of arts degree, no job and—despite some persistent door-knocking—no prospects. Then he stumbled onto a career that's made him so popular in the Maritimes, people line up to see him. Kelly, who's been blind since early childhood, was almost ready to give up his job hunt and go back to school when a friend asked him to fill in for a singer at a Halifax pub. Since then, he's performed in other pubs, on university campuses and on Armed Forces ships, playing and singing

everything from Irish songs to rock. "Things are working out quite nicely now," says Kelly, a native of St. John's who came to Halifax as a child to attend the school for the blind. At the school, he had his own band, and at Saint Mary's University, he joined a rock group. Kelly's amateur career—as a serious runner—also has been going well. He placed fourth in the 1,500-metre run at the 1980 Olympics for the Physically Disabled in Holland, and he still runs regularly along the streets of Halifax with a seeing guide. Kelly believes that disabled people must take an active part in presenting a positive image of themselves. "We have to make it easier for the general public to accept us," he says. "It's our attitude that will change their attitude."

When **Keith Scott** of Fredericton, N.B., decided to form a professional touring basketball team two years ago, there was only one catch: He needed players. He solved that problem by going to the local Canada Employment office, which helped him round up a squad for an opening-season, 21-game tour of Newfoundland. "We won all 21," says Scott, who at 45 still possesses much of the ball-handling wizardry he displayed for 13 years as a member of two U.S. professional teams, the House of David and the Harlem Kings. This winter, the Magicians, billed as "Canada's only professional touring basketball team," are



JOE STONE

Scott: Still has ball-handling wizardry

playing in New Brunswick and P.E.I. Scott developed the idea for a touring Canadian team (the Magicians are all from New Brunswick) while he was touring Atlantic region schools, showing nature films he'd produced. As a sideline, he used to challenge a school's best basketball players to a three-on-one contest. Scott, born in Saint John, N.B., began his own professional career at 19, after playing with a senior team against the bearded members of the House of David. The David coach invited him to Florida for a tryout, and Scott toured with the team for two years. Later, he became the only white player with the Harlem Kings and once worked out with the Harlem Globetrotters. His Magicians, he concedes, are hardly in a class with the famous Globetrotters. But playing against a school team, they can produce some fine entertainment.

trucks" below. "That's where you get your satisfaction," Bickle says.

When poor New Brunswick wanted economic development, it turned to Malcolm Bricklin, an Arizonan with no success record. When rich Toronto wanted economic development, it turned to **Hal Fredericks**, a New Brunswicker with a great success record. Before leaving the province in 1978, Fredericks co-authored *Bricklin*, a book about the \$20-million car manufacturing fiasco that resulted from the N.B. government's collaboration with Bricklin. Then, as manager of the Winnipeg Business Development Corp., Fredericks demonstrated the proper way to create wealth. Manufacturing increased in Manitoba by 31% in 1979, 8% in 1980 and 70% in 1981, 80% of the increase going to Winnipeg. Last fall, Fredericks, 55, signed a



Bickle of Air Nova: "We're not big, but we're personal"

On Jim Bickle's Nova Scotia-based airline, it's the personal touch that counts. Take his method for calming jittery passengers on Air Nova, the charter flying service he operates from Fancy Lake, near Bridgewater: He gives them a front-row seat, so they can see where they're going and watch him at the controls of one of Air Nova's two pontoon-equipped aircraft. One plane, of course, only has two seats; the other seats four. "We're not big, but we're personal," says Bickle, 42, whose 20-year flying career included work as a bush pilot in the north and dropping water bombs as a forest-fire fighter in Nova Scotia. In his first year operating Air Nova, Bickle's passengers have been mainly businessmen and tourists who want an aerial view of the Maritime coastline, or just a ride in a small aircraft. A German couple who wanted to see Nova Scotia from the air climbed aboard Air Nova less than two hours after their overseas flight arrived in Halifax. Bickle says local residents are "not aviation-oriented" (they still look up at passing planes, he says), but Air Nova has introduced many of them to the joys of flying. One was an 83-year-old who'd never been off the ground before; another was a five-year-old amazed by the "Tonka

five-year contract with the City of Toronto for a similar job. The elated *Toronto Star* informed its readers that the hiring of Fredericks at a \$49,000 starting salary "could mean prosperity for all of us." Fredericks says despite the prevailing Maritime view that Toronto is already prosperous, the city has been losing industries to outlying areas for years. As the city's first economic development director, he'll try to reverse the trend by going after such high-technology industries as microelectronics. Born in South Farmington, N.S., Fredericks worked for the Graves group in Nova Scotia and the Sussex Ginger Ale company in New Brunswick. By 1960, he was running his own management consultant firm in Fredericton. In 17 years, he helped establish 43 industries in the region. Now that he's left, unemployed Maritimers have one consolation: When they go down the road, Hal Fredericks will be there, making jobs for them in Toronto.

Prince Edward Island's aerospace program doesn't have many job openings, so when aeronautical engineer **Dave Murray** moved to the Island five years ago, he switched from missiles and airplane engines to a more down-to-earth

device: The old-fashioned wood stove. Murray, 43, operates the Atlantic region's only private combustion laboratory to test and refine new wood stoves. The laboratory is next to his house, in a building with five metal chimneys that, on busy days, are all puffing in unison. Murray trained at the Welsh College of Advanced Technology in Cardiff, Wales, and worked on fuel systems and cold temperature combustion with General Electric and Lucas Aerospace in England, and with Pratt and Whitney in Montreal. When he moved to the Island "to get away from big business," he immediately set up shop, testing new units for manufacturers seeking approval from the Canadian Standards Association (CSA). He's tested stoves for manufacturers from as far away as British Columbia and New Zealand. He's also helping CSA officials develop standards for new heating systems, such as a gasifier unit that burns wood chips and sawdust, and a coal stoker that burns wood pellets. Murray is convinced his new field has a promising future in the Space Age. "People think oil prices are high now," he says. "They will go much higher."

When Allan Walsh, 27, was growing up in Charlottetown, he planned a career in classical music. That was before he heard a fellow member of the P.E.I. Regimental Band play jazz on his clarinet. "It was my first chance to hear someone play jazz," says Walsh, "and that's when I decided to get into that line of music." It was a good move. Walsh, now based in Montreal, joined French-Canadian singer Robert Paquette's rock-jazz backup group four years ago. Since then, he's toured Canada and the United States, played in concert halls such as the Boston Opera House and Carnegie Hall in New York, and played solos on two of Paquette's three record albums. The highlight of his career so far, Walsh says, was performing in 1979 at the Montreux Jazz Festival in Switzerland. "We played right after Oscar Peterson," he says. "That was a real high." A saxophonist, clarinetist and flautist, Walsh began playing his first love, the clarinet, at Birchwood High School in Charlottetown, and later studied music at the University of P.E.I. and Boston's Berklee College of Music. In future, he expects to do more travelling—he's now planning a European tour with Paquette—and studio work in Montreal. Eventually, he wants to cut his own record, performing on all three instruments. And he hopes to go back to the Island this summer, possibly for a first-time-ever appearance by the Paquette group at Confederation Centre.



Walsh on sax

Montreal's Blue Angel is a country music home away from home

Expatriate Maritimers go there for the pure old country sound. It's pure 'cause Bob Fuller runs the place and he likes it that way

Big Bob Fuller is not amused. A few minutes ago, he was whirling happily around the dance floor to a polka tune at Montreal's Blue Angel Café, a graceful, 330-pound kitten in bib overalls with a huge safety pin in the crotch. Now, the fiddler and the mandolin player have left the stage, and a couple of college-age guys with mustaches and guitars are winding up an old Ricky Nelson pop tune called "Hello, Mary Lou."



HAROLD ROSENBERG

Arsenault and Fuller: "The good stuff"

Fuller is leaning against the stage, listening, saying nothing. The tiniest flicker of pain crosses his benign, Burl Ives face. "That ain't country, boys," he says. And that's the end of Ricky Nelson for tonight.

Bob Fuller, singer, guitarist, bass player and conservationist of pure, authentic country music, is a genial and gentle man. But in this shrine to country music, he's also, he cheerfully admits, a bit of a dictator. The Blue Angel on Monday nights is a sort of poor man's Grand Ole Opry. Anybody who can strum a guitar, play a fiddle or wail a somebody-done-somebody-wrong song is welcome to perform. The only catch is that Bob don't allow no electric guitars, no drums, no Kenny-Rogers-crossover pap around here. And *certainly* no Ricky Nelson.

Because Fuller maintains certain standards, the Blue Angel is, he believes, unique in Canada. It's also the next thing to a private club for expatriate Maritimers who come here to perform, wallow in beer and nostalgia and listen to the kind of music that used to come crackling in over the old battery radio from stations like WWVA, Wheeling, West Virginia—songs by Doc Williams, Lee Moore, Bill Monroe, the Carter family, Wilma Lee and Stoney Cooper.

The Blue Angel is on Drummond Street, just down from St. Catherine's, but its soul is light years away from the trendy boutiques and strip joints of Montreal's main drag. From your red vinyl booth, in the shade of a plastic philodendron, you buy your beer from a cheerful waiter with a crew cut, who jogs up and down the bar, dodging dancers and dispensing Labatt 50s and change at a furious clip. At midnight, the ladies' auxiliary of the Oldtime Country Music Club of Canada serves free hotdogs, steamed up in a backroom. If you're male, you can also buy potato chips. They're sold—along with chewing gum, medallions and prophylactics—at a small concession in the men's washroom.

Onstage, Bob Fuller keeps the show moving, ringing a cowbell to signal a change in acts, telling jokes, sometimes joining an ad hoc band of fiddlers, guitarists, banjo pickers, mandolin players. Tonight, the band breaks into a spirited version of "Lost All My Money but a Two-dollar Bill," and an Inuit man in a red T-shirt leaps to the dance floor for a joyous, impromptu stepdance.

The regulars include Fuller and his girlfriend and singing partner, Jeannie Arsenault, who grew up in Abrams Village, P.E.I. She's blonde, four-foot-eleven and possesses a powerful country soprano. Tonight she's singing something composed by her sister in Dartmouth, N.S. ("...I loved you then and I always will, and I wish that I could say you loved me still. *Why* do you treat me this way?") She doesn't need a microphone. "I'm little," she says later, "but I'm loud."

Fuller, who sings in a rich and mellow baritone, describes himself as a Maritimer (born, like Hank Snow, in Brooklyn, N.S.), although he left the Maritimes 38

years ago, at age 10. "I think like a Maritimer," he says. He also calls himself a missionary for The Cause: Preserving the unadulterated country sound that flourished in what he considers the golden age of country music—the Forties and Fifties. Those were the days when Hank Williams was still alive, and instrumentation was still fiddle and steel guitar. It was before Elvis Presley and the electric bass and Hank Snow cutting a disco album and kids playing Beatles' tunes on mandolins and calling it grassrock.

Every Monday night, Fuller arrives at the Blue Angel with a suitcaseful of tapes he's made of the golden age sound. "After I'm gone," he says, "these tapes will be floating around. People will learn the good stuff, pick out what they like, and that's what they'll be singing for the rest of their life." He does the odd singing engagement around Montreal, but mostly he works from his suburban Ville St. Laurent home, where he keeps his library of 80,000 record albums. He runs a record-search service, buying and selling old recordings to people all over the world. He's also founder and secretary of the Oldtime Country Music Club. Fuller mails out newsletters to its 1,000 members and helps organize the Annual Hank Williams Memorial Picnic and Cornboil near Montreal and a country music festival near Cornwall, Ont.

He used to appear every night at the Blue Angel, but the club started moving into country rock, and he was getting tired of the nightclub life. So last year he quit, coming back only for the Monday night shows he's run for 13 years.

He started his show business career in the army, when he was stationed in Camp Shilo in Manitoba in the Fifties and won first prize in the Paulin's Chocolate Puffs talent contest. Eventually, he put together a band called Bluegrass Bob and the Bobcats, which played on Manitoba radio stations and toured the province's Legions and dancehalls.

In 1968, he cut an album, but he's no longer interested in recording his own material. "It's pointless," he says. "One deejay said Hank Williams was too crude to play between two Nashville Sound records. That's the kind of people who run radio shows." Besides, he's too busy with The Cause. "The next step, I hope, is to have my own radio show to further the cause," he says. "We're not fighting because people don't like old-time music. We're fighting to get it heard. The lack of exposure is what's killing it. Because the deejays are generally a bunch of young kids who wouldn't know Glen Campbell from Hank Williams. They read *Billboard*, they see the Top 10; to them, that's country music.

"I consider myself sort of a missionary. I've found a reason to live."

— Marian Bruce

Why does it take a lot more than money to start a bank?

You might be surprised at how many rules regulate our banks and help safeguard your deposits.

Canada's banks have established an international reputation for strength and stability.

In the 30's during the Depression, when failure forced thousands of banks around the world to close their doors, not one Canadian bank failed. So it's not surprising that we trust our banks.

Running a bank takes sound, sophisticated and prudent management; and sufficient capital to protect depositors.

And, it requires a mandate from the Government which carries with it an elaborate system of regulations.

Self-regulation by the banks.

The most stringent regulations covering banking operations have been introduced by the banks themselves.

Each chartered bank has its own internal inspection procedures for the auditing of its network of branches and Head Office departments, which occur on a regular basis.

Inspection teams conduct independent examinations of the accounting records of the bank and assess loan portfolios to ensure that depositor funds are protected through sound lending.

A wide range of regulations.

Banking is one of Canada's most heavily regulated industries.

Within the 316 sections of the Bank Act, there are parts dealing with everything from the duties of a bank's board of directors to business powers and investment activities. And, of course, there are sections outlining the bank's lending powers.

The Bank Act is only the start. Banks are subject to many other laws and regulations as well.



Operating a bank is far more complex than it may appear.

What the Inspector General does.

The Government supervises banks through the *Inspector General of Banks*. His office is part of the federal Department of Finance in Ottawa.

The Inspector General inspects the banks and reports to the Minister of Finance on their soundness.

The Inspector General is in frequent contact with the banks' senior management. He receives monthly, quarterly and annual reports and makes an annual inspection of each bank, covering all the essentials of banking.

Your deposits are insured.

A body which directly protects the interests of depositors is the Canada Deposit Insurance Corporation (CDIC).

This is a crown corporation set up in

1967 and it receives a substantial part of its funding from premiums paid by the chartered banks.

And, while the CDIC guarantees Canadian dollar deposits in each member financial institution to the extent of \$20,000 per depositor, *no bank depositor has ever needed to make a claim.*

Strengths in the Canadian system.

One reason the Canadian system works so well and why regulation is effective is that Canada has a relatively small number of chartered banks – although the number has increased substantially following passage of the new Bank Act. (The Act allows foreign banks operating in Canada to incorporate as chartered banks. There were 32 chartered banks in Canada, domestic and foreign, as of December 10th 1981 compared to 11 one year ago.)

By contrast, in the United States there are about 15,000 *individual* banks, some with many branches, some with only one. This complicates regulation and has produced an intricate multi-tiered system covering various federal and state jurisdictions.

You can bank on it.

This well-organized structure of self-regulation and Government monitoring is one of the many reasons why our Canadian banking system has earned such an enviable international reputation for soundness and stability.

And it helps to explain why, when we deposit our money with a bank, we can rest assured that our savings will be safe and secure.

No. 6 in a series of advertisements presented by The Canadian Bankers' Association to help you understand banking better.

Canada's 32 Chartered Banks.



Al Thomson, Marketing Officer
Marine Terminals, CN Rail, Vancouver

Jack Hopkins, President
Empire Stevedoring Co. Ltd., Vancouver

Ship to shore.

Vancouver gives shippers an advantage over other west coast ports. One day closer to the Orient, no congestion and competitive rates. Vanterm adds to that advantage with Empire Stevedoring and CN Rail working together to keep goods moving east. Result: A highly efficient sea-land route that gets goods to market in a hurry.

CN RAIL

"We want to get involved in your business."



John Martin, Branch Manager,
Northern Alberta, CN Rail, Edmonton

Gary Protsch, Purchasing Agent
Universal Industries Ltd., Lloydminster

Wrapping oil.

Universal Industries Ltd. of Lloydminster, Alberta depends on shipments of 8' x 24' steel sheets for fabrication of oil storage tanks at their plant. This material required a special unloading device. CN Rail experts went to work and custom-designed a facility. Result: CN Rail now provides customized service that eliminates a major shipping problem.

CN RAIL

"We want to get involved in your business."



George Shapcott, Freight Sales &
Services Officer, CN Rail, Windsor

Ron Soucie, Distribution Manager
Green Giant of Canada Ltd., Windsor

Service in the bag.

Thanks to CN Rail's intermodal capability, Green Giant of Canada Limited now enjoys reliable, fast service from its Tecumseh, Ontario plant. Various fresh vegetables are flash frozen, bagged, boxed and then loaded into CN Rail reefer vans for direct delivery via road and rail to customers in Western Canada. Result: Year-round supply of quality vegetables for Canadian consumers.

CN RAIL

"We want to get involved in your business."



Andrew Johnston, Manufacturing Manager
Ralph MacKay (Canada) Ltd., Regina

Lorn Hamilton, Sales
Representative, CN Rail, Regina

Package deal.

Delivery of coiled sheet steel from Hamilton to Regina, Saskatchewan via highway was an expensive operation for Ralph MacKay (Canada) Ltd. Special arrangements by CN Rail for long haul in gondola cars, plus transshipment by truck right to their plant proved economical and efficient. Result: Steady, door-to-door delivery of steel at a lower total cost.

CN RAIL

"We want to get involved in your business."

Good reviews.



John McNicholl, Manager – Intermodal
Sales & Overseas Markets, CN Rail, Winnipeg

Ken Weitman, Stores Manager
Boeing of Canada Limited, Winnipeg

A smooth finish.

Shipping bathware from Winnipeg, Manitoba was a costly operation for Boeing of Canada, because of the product's delicate finish and awkward size. By working closely with CN Rail, they found an economical solution: Careful packing of tubs – 24 per Intermodal Plan II trailer. Result: Boeing customers across Canada were ensured of smooth handling and safe delivery.

CN RAIL

"We want to get involved in your business."



Roland Gagné, Sales Officer
CN Rail, Montréal

André Camaraire, Traffic Manager
Hydro-Québec, Montréal

The right connections.

Electrical insulators are key elements of high tension lines. Hydro-Québec relies on CN Rail to carry them. Shipped in containers from France to Canadian ports, they're received, unpacked and then carried by CN Rail to various construction sites in Québec. Result: Efficient handling and a steady supply of materials.

CN RAIL

"We want to get involved in your business."



Don Armour, Tankcar Coordinator
CN Rail, Sarnia

Andy Innes, Plant Superintendent
Dome Petroleum Limited, Sarnia

Going with the flow.

CN Rail's computer expertise and specialized equipment help ensure that a major natural gas liquids processor, Dome Petroleum Limited of Sarnia, Ontario, has a steady supply of cars. Brought by pipeline from Western Canada, the liquid is fractionated into various products and then loaded into pressurized tank cars. Result: Smooth flow of energy for North Americans.

CN RAIL

"We want to get involved in your business."



Jack D. Coffin, Traffic Manager
Sydney Steel Corporation, Sydney

J. Wendell Murphy, Manager,
Sales & Services, CN Rail, Sydney

Made to order.

By using specially constructed cradles and modified flat cars that allow for the curves and turns of the road, CN Rail helps Sydney Steel of Sydney, Nova Scotia deliver 39 and 78-foot rails. Result: Safe, dependable handling and shipment of rails across Canada and the U.S.

CN RAIL

"We want to get involved in your business."

Teamwork.

That's the key to all the success stories we've been sharing with you over the years. By working together, we've solved distribution problems for all kinds of commodities from bathtubs, to steel rails, to corn. And we've made a lot of friends. Result: More Canadian businesses are getting their goods to market more efficiently – everyday. If you'd like to join our list of success stories – call a CN Rail expert today.

CN RAIL
A DIVISION OF CANADIAN NATIONAL



Spraying on P.E.I.: Chemicals of every stripe

Crop sprays: Sickness and death down on the farm

Maritime farmers say they're poisoning themselves with the tools of their trade. Some people say it's the farmers' own fault

By Chris Wood

On a typically peaceful day in 1979 in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley, tourists by the carload meandered, as usual, through the countryside, basking in the summer haze. Apples swelled in the orchards. Bees stockpiled honey. For one young, Valley farm worker, however, the scene was not so idyllic. He was only in his 20s the day nurses rushed him out of an ambulance and into Soldiers Memorial Hospital in Middleton, N.S. Within hours, he was dead, killed by the rural life that visitors to the Valley find so charming.

The death certificate says he died of "lung shock," his own blood welling uncontrollably into his lungs. In fact, says the pathologist who did the autopsy and filled out the forms, he was poisoned by a farm chemical, Paraquat, a powerful herbicide he had been using on weeds.

It was an exceptionally tragic case. Very few people die from exposure to the dozens of chemicals used in farms throughout the Maritimes. But lesser poisonings are everyday occurrences in New Brunswick potato fields, Prince

Edward Island market gardens and Nova Scotia orchards:

Anton Pray, a New Denmark, N.B., potato grower, was rushed to hospital swollen and itching after suffering an acute reaction to potato fungicide.

Charles Murphy sprayed his Cherry Valley, P.E.I., turnip field with insecticide and came down with severe headache and nausea, requiring a visit to the Charlottetown poison control centre.

Carl Gates, a Kings County, N.S., apple-grower, had recurrent chills, nausea and a state of mental confusion that lasted for three weeks after spraying a chemical called Guthion on his orchard.

Modern farming is a high-technology industry that uses chemicals of every stripe to produce those shiny red apples, spotless vegetables and overflowing granaries. The potato is among the most chemical-dependent of crops, absorbing up to 20 dusts, sprays and powders in less than five months. But farmers treat almost every crop with some pesticide. New Brunswick farmers annually use more than one million pounds of pesticide, more than twice the amount used in

that province's hotly debated forest spray program.

There are insecticides for everything from aphids to worms. Fungicides to fight blight and mould. Herbicides to kill weeds. Sprout inhibitors and growth hormones. Disinfectants and sterilizers.

Jaw-breaking chemicals such as chloronthalonil and methamidophos have catchy trade names—Bravo, Monitor. One Maritime distributor alone carries more than 75 varieties. Almost all can be dangerous. Many are acutely toxic.

"We are poisoning ourselves," says Dale McLaughlin, a New Brunswick potato-grower, whose doctor told him the chemicals he used for more than 10 years have permanently scarred his liver.

Some people, including government agriculture officials and farm chemical distributors, blame the farmers for careless use of the tools of their trade.

And nobody knows for sure how many of the region's 24,000 farmers are poisoned by chemicals every year. The toll may be no more than a few dozen cases—or it may be much higher.

"We know this is going on," says Al Connor, Nova Scotia Agriculture Department safety expert. "The problem is we do not have the means of extracting statistics from hospitals." Neither the three Maritime federations of agriculture nor the provincial Agriculture departments try to keep track of farm poisonings.

And statistics alone might give a

misleading picture. Shirley Lord, who runs the poison control centre at Prince County Hospital in Summerside, P.E.I., says that in eight or nine years, "we haven't had half a dozen cases." Does that mean Island farmers have no trouble with pesticides? "I don't think it means that," she says. "My husband's a farmer, and he has had problems. He went unconscious on the tractor from the fumes. And he didn't come in [to the poison control centre]. I've been talking to my neighbors. They feel that they're having reactions to the chemicals, but they're not serious enough to come in."

Dr. Larry Kennedy says he and other physicians in the farming community of Perth, N.B., see "at least 30 patients that we know of" each summer suffering from "abdominal pains, muscle aches, headache, joint pains that I feel are related to some of the sprays." Significantly, few identify pesticides as the cause of their symptoms.

"The first time it happened, I didn't know what it was," recalls Charles Murphy. "I thought I had caught the flu." According to the poison control centre Murphy visited, many pesticides produce influenza-like symptoms.

Longer-term effects can include kidney and liver failure, damage to the central nervous system, cancer and death. But attempting to link cause and effect is a guessing game, hampered by the time lag—often years—between exposure and disease, and the many different chemicals a victim may have been in contact with.

Dr. G.A. Olmstead, a Woodstock, N.B., physician, recalls the death of a farmer's young daughter. "All they could tell me [after an autopsy] was she died of poisoning. It must have been repeated doses of poisoning from farm pesticides, there's no other explanation. The problem is that you cannot by chemical tests identify any of the chemicals in the system." The young girl's chemical killer was never identified.

Doubts about the testing of agricultural chemicals add to the uncertainty. Early in 1981, a major U.S. testing laboratory, Industrial Biotest Laboratories (IBT), was found to be the worst offender among about 20 labs with serious deficiencies in testing procedures. A U.S. court found that IBT had faked reports on dozens of chemicals over the years, failing to note deaths and birth defects among test animals. Of nine chemicals popular with P.E.I. farmers, according to the P.E.I. Agriculture Department, five brand-name pesticides were on IBT's "safe" list: Gramaxone (Paraquat), Sencor, Furadan, Bravo, and Polyram.

A few months after the IBT revelations, the University of Western Ontario linked birth defects, mutations and cancer in test animals to Captan, a fungicide used by Nova Scotia apple growers for two decades.

The Canadian Agricultural Chemical Association says only one IBT-approved

chemical—Maloran—has been recalled. New tests have cleared the names of most other products tested by the company. But new tests do not completely reassure farmers. Charles Murphy remembers television coverage of the IBT scandal: "I recognized 10 or 12 chemicals I used that are carcinogenic. It doesn't make you feel very good."

While doubts linger over some products, most Maritime pesticide experts agree with Dick Huggard of the Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture: "If they're used properly, there is really no danger." "Proper use" normally requires protective gloves and overalls to prevent skin contact with concentrated pesticide, a respirator mask and stringent adherence to recommended mixing and application rates.

The trouble is, too few farmers bother to follow the rules. "On any given day you can go around the province and see people putting on pesticides," says Tom Demma, executive director of the New

Brunswick Federation of Agriculture. "They don't have any gear on." One Maritime chemical salesman, David Thompson of Charlottetown, used to give respirators away with each order of pesticide. "It was only one out of 20 or 30 guys who used them," he says.

Fern Rioux, a salesman for Chipman Inc. in Grand Falls, N.B., estimates that only about 5% of farmers use adequate safety gear. But many farmers find the equipment makes their job harder. Respirators are "very, very, very uncomfortable," complains New Brunswick's Anton Pray. "On a hot day when it's 90 or 100 degrees in the sun, it's not nice to be sitting with a rubber mask on your face, and a black one at that!"

And farmers don't have complete faith in safety gear and chemical application rules. Farmers' critics "are just trying to pass the buck," protests Charles Murphy. "I try to wear a mask. I'm following the directions. I use the proper applicator. I went to the hospital



Thompson with respirator: "Only one out of 20 or 30 guys used them"

**"the only thing
the future holds
is to poison our
sons as well"**



I got so sick."

Dale McLaughlin says: "I have to contend with the weather. Over the years I was forced out onto the fields on windy days, and even with the use of a respirator I was exposed."

Safety equipment is not always inexpensive or easy to find. Few farm-supply stores and none of the region's chemical wholesalers stock respirators. Equipping a tractor with air-filtering equipment can cost \$15,000.

Whether you blame the makers or the users of farm chemicals for accidental poisoning, pesticides will not soon disappear. Economics, and consumers' demands for the very best produce, dictate otherwise.

Gaetan Lussier, deputy federal minister of Agriculture, says banning Captan would cost apple-producers \$19 million a year in lost sales "because fruit would not look clean and natural."

Without pesticides, the Agriculture Institute of Canada warns, apple growers would risk total crop losses. Field vegetables would not survive past the seedling stage.

Anybody with a million dollars or more invested in a medium-sized farm and its equipment is unlikely to stop using pesticides. "At the scale we're working at, we just can't afford to have anything not work," says Earl Kidston,

a Port Williams, N.S., mixed farmer.

Still, new techniques may cut down the volume of pesticide required for a successful crop. Federal and provincial entomologists in Kentville have pioneered one of the most promising methods, called "Integrated Pest Management." It has cut pesticide use on many Valley apple orchards by more than half.

"Most pests have two to five significant natural enemies," says Dr. Dick Whitman, who helped develop the technique. "We let them really flourish." Sophisticated traps monitor the presence of the three important apple pests with no natural enemies. Chemicals are used when these pests reach dangerously large numbers, and then only enough to bring the infestation back under control.

About 40 New Brunswick potato-growers, with help from the province's Potato Research Centre at Wicklow, have achieved similar reductions in pesticide use by monitoring aphid and beetle populations in their fields. Plant breeders at Agriculture Canada's Fredericton Research Station are developing potato strains less dependent on chemicals.

But alternatives such as Integrated Pest Management take years to develop. "You have to have a workable program before you can give it to the farmers," Whitman says. "You're looking at 10

McLaughlin: Potato sprays scarred his liver

years for any given crop." New plant varieties take even longer, up to 16 years to perfect.

A quicker, but far less popular, way to reduce pesticide poisonings could be to license applicators. At present, no Maritime province tries to control farm use of pesticides, except when aerial spraying is involved. But most farmers fear that having to obtain permits—and prove their competence—before being allowed to use pesticides would mean red tape and higher operating costs.

Some farmers are bitter about the fact that no alternative offers more than a degree of freedom from toxic chemicals. "If we're poisoning ourselves," Dale McLaughlin says, "the only thing the future holds is to poison our sons as well."

His outlook may be a shade too bleak. Farmers are becoming more alert to the danger of pesticide poisoning. Reported victims of Guthion or Paraquat are still very much a minority, and most didn't try the safe approach urged by the chemicals' makers.

But farmers who escaped yesterday with a bout of pesticide "flu" may find tomorrow that their bodies have lost their resistance to powerful toxins. The signal could be serious and sudden disability. It could be death.





PRACTICALITY HAS ITS REWARDS

Great fun on a tight budget

Suzuki SJ 410—a marvelous way to economize without cutting down, because the going-in price and the on-going operating costs are as sensible and practical as the car itself.

For your money, you get a superbly engineered car with a high mileage, high-performance overhead cam engine, 4-wheel drive when you need it, room for 4 adults, a smooth comfortable ride, nimble handling and all the creature comforts you expect. The SJ 410 is an economical car—not a cheap car.

Sure, it's 'different' but it's also much more versatile than most cars, since it's perfectly at home in the city, the country, the beach or the bush. And hills, snow, gravel or gumbo won't faze it one little bit.

This week, test drive one of the four new Suzuki SJ's at a Suzuki dealer. About a mile or so down the road, we think you'll agree that practicality does indeed have its rewards.




Suzuki SJ 410 Hardtop



Suzuki SJ 410 Pickup

Some of the equipment shown is optional at extra cost.

 **SUZUKI** 4WD

MUSIC

Jarvis Benoit's strange and wonderful string band

Purists may frown on blending bluegrass, Celtic tunes, classical music and jazz. But once they hear the Benoit Quartet play, they're hooked

Jarvis Benoit is a small man of 57, with a cap of dark curls and the craggy features of a person you might expect to find in a lumber camp or a Maritime fishing trawler. Tonight, however, he's onstage at Halifax's Dalhousie University, a silent, unobtrusive figure, tapping his toe to the rhythm of his strange and wonderful string band. When the audience cheers and whistles its approval of the music, his only response is a shy, pleased grin.

There's nothing much about Jarvis Benoit that suggests show biz razzmatazz. Until last fall, in fact, he made his living as a general contractor, in charge of renovating and repairing houses. Now he's the anchor of a Halifax-based instrumental group that's attracting something of a cult following across Canada.

The style of the Jarvis Benoit Quartet

defies description. Is it bluegrass? Celtic music? Jazz? Guitarist Andrew Russell describes the quartet's sound as "what's indigenous to the region—Acadian French, Scottish and Irish Cape Breton—with a healthy dose of the 20th century." To better understand it, imagine a group of medieval minstrels transported to the present in a community hall in Cape Breton for a Saturday night shindig.



Band members Russell, Jarvis and Louis Benoit, Reitsma

DAVID NICHOLS

The good school develops their full potential

For over 100 years, Rothesay Collegiate and Netherwood Schools have provided a traditional education for students from grades 7 to 12.

Both schools offer an excellent "personalized" education, made possible by small co-educational classes with a teacher-pupil ratio of 1 to 13, individual instruction and a traditional curriculum. In addition, the challenging athletic schedule, supervised weekend activities, and the boys' cadet programme help develop self-discipline and leadership abilities.

The schools are located on the beautiful Kennebecasis River in Rothesay, New Brunswick. Both boarding and day students are accepted.

For further information, including entrance examination dates, please contact:

**Rothesay Collegiate
and Netherwood Schools**
Rothesay, N.B. E0G 2W0

1-506-847-8224 (Rothesay Collegiate)

1-506-847-7496 (Netherwood)



Replace flute, dulcimer and lute with fiddle, mandolin and guitar, and the musical result is a cross between chamber music with a country edge and a fiddle band gone classical.

Singer Sylvia Tyson heard the Jarvis Benoit Quartet play in 1979 during a Halifax taping of her *Touch the Earth* radio series. She was so impressed, her Salt Records company offered the group a five-year recording contract, committing the quartet to at least one album a year. The quartet also performed on CBC national radio shows such as *Identities* and *Country Roads* and on CBC television's *Studio One Variety*. Last summer, the band toured Canada with the aid of a Canada Council grant, and played to 8,000 enthusiastic fans at the Winnipeg Folk Festival.

The group's most seasoned performer is Jarvis Benoit, a native of Trenton, N.S., who has been a musician for as long as he can remember. As a child, he lived for a time in Watertown, Mass., where his mother once caught him on a street corner at age five, playing the harmonica for spare change. At seven, he graduated to the fiddle, and it's been his soulmate ever since. For years, he was a popular performer at rural gatherings and house parties in Cape Breton, where he led his own fiddle band. Twenty-three years ago, he moved his family to Halifax and ran a contracting business with his son, Louis. Louis, who plays mandolin and guitar, was more interested in rock music than in old-time fiddle tunes, but when father and son began improvising together, both liked the result. Then a Halifax neighbor, Andrew Russell, 26, an x-ray technician with a classical music background, joined the Benois. Dutch-born Alex Reitsma, 32, a bass player, rounded out the group in the fall of 1979.

Patrick Purcell, the group's manager, says the band chose its name "to give more respectability to a fiddle band." But you couldn't call the Jarvis Benoit Quartet straight-backed, drawing room musicians. Part of their repertoire, for example, is Bach's "Two-part Invention No. 8 in F major"—performed as a banjo and guitar duet. "Traditionalists sometimes get mad at us," Purcell says, "but by the end of the tune, you have them hooked." Benoit also enjoys improvising on a traditional fiddle tune; but not to the point of destroying its original identity. "Jarvis maintains an individual style," says Russell, who arranges the material with Louis Benoit, "but a Scottish tune is still a Scottish tune."

Despite the musicians' diverse backgrounds, their personalities and playing styles jell when they step onstage. The band seems to enjoy performing as much as the audience does listening. The musicians take an obvious delight in their own harmonies, or when the timing is exact in, say, the fiddle-banjo dialogue in "The Growling Old Man and the Growling Old Woman." The result is happy, good-time music that often in-

spires fans to dance even when there's no dance floor.

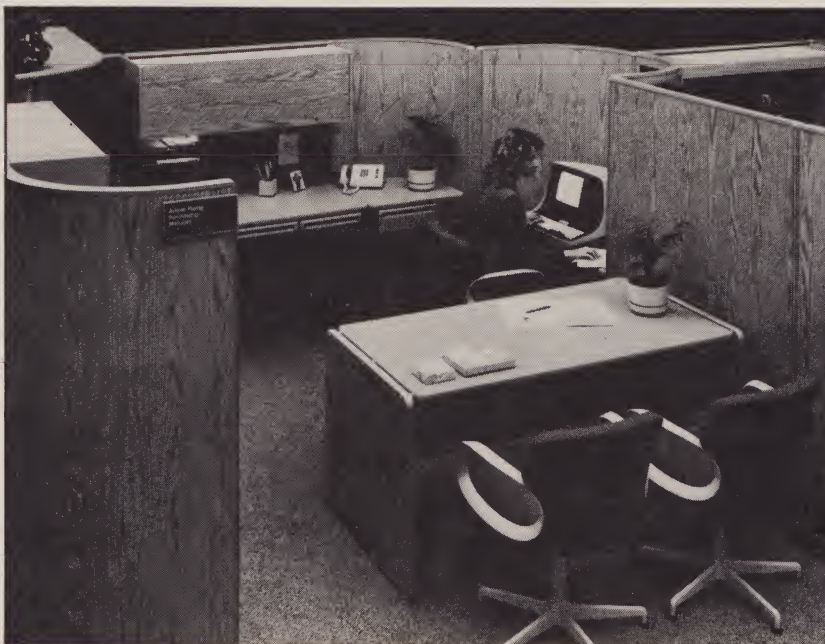
Most of the band's live performances are at concert halls and pubs around the Maritimes, but once, the group staged an impromptu concert at the Moncton train station. The four were on their way to Ottawa to tape a television show, but a blizzard and train derailment resulted in an overnight delay. By the time the musicians arrived in Ottawa, they had half an hour to get to the CBC television studio. "We had no chance for a run-through," Russell recalls, "and we looked like four stiffies propped up."

Benoit, who says he likes "all types of music when it's well done," so far has recorded two albums. The first, recorded

in Dartmouth, N.S., about four years ago, consists of fiddle tunes by Benoit and four other musicians, including Louis and Andrew. The second album, recorded last fall on Tyson's Salt Records label, is the first for the Benoit Quartet. The tunes on the latest album, *Jarvis Benoit Quartet*, have a traditional focus, but their intricate arrangements and classical influence provide a more interesting, well-rounded sound.

What of the future? The band is committed to four more years under its present recording contract, plus more concert dates and a possible tour. Whatever the quartet does, when you dance to its tunes, you don't mind paying the fiddler.

— Pam Lutz



Do you have space to organize?

If so, you should consider the open plan office systems. Attractive, individual components enable you to organize office space to suit your particular needs. And they give you the flexibility to re-organize your space as situations demand. All at a price that is more cost-effective than conventional methods.

Open plan office systems fit in well with our philosophy at Seaman-Cross. For 45 years we've made a business supplying our customers with attractive, top quality office furnishings suited to their specific needs.

If you're trying to organize new office space, or considering a change in your present office furnishings, drop in and see us at Seaman-Cross.

*Interior Designers and Suppliers
of Furniture, Drapery, Carpet
and Business Machines for
Business Environments.*



Seaman Cross Limited
46 Wright Avenue
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia
Telephone 902 469 8190

Seaman Cross Newfoundland Limited
46 Pippy Place
St. John's, Newfoundland
Telephone 709 753 1250



P.E.I. moonshiner: \$275 for an afternoon's work

Island moonshine makes a comeback

It's getting harder to make ends meet on P.E.I. Maybe that's why more Islanders are drowning their sorrows in home brew

When the P.E.I. government slapped a 16% tax increase on alcohol last March, it expected liquor store sales to drop, and that's just what happened. But it doesn't mean that Island drinkers are taking the pledge. While government sales fall off, the private sector of the industry is making a comeback, reviving an old Island tradition that flourished in the first half of the century: The art of moonshining.

Nobody knows for sure how many illegal stills are operating on the Island, but the RCMP estimate that 60 or more moonshiners are producing booze for sale. These are only the commercial operations, with stills that can hold five to 100 gallons of the stuff. The estimate doesn't include the dabblers in the trade—probably in the hundreds—who brew up

the occasional batch to celebrate Groundhog Day, a family wedding or the coming of spring. And brewing equipment seized in recent police raids is bigger and more sophisticated than it used to be. "Illegal moonshine as a specialization here is rapidly growing," says Cpl. Brian Gaskell, who heads the RCMP's federal investigation division on the Island. The industry also is developing an export market. Police have been looking into reports that truckloads of Island moonshine—as much as 100 gallons at a time—are being shipped across the Northumberland Strait to the Halifax area, Truro, N.S., and parts of New Brunswick.

It is, of course, illegal to drink moonshine (the fine for possession is \$200 for a first offence), make it or even have the

equipment to produce it, and some illicit booze can be downright lethal. So why is it becoming popular again? One reason, Gaskell says, may be the troubled state of the Island's economy. Last year, Island consumer prices rose 13%, while salaries increased only 8%. Costs of electricity, gasoline—and now, liquor store booze—are the highest in the country. "Prince Edward Island has clearly entered a troubled economic period," a recent P.E.I. government report says, "as is evidenced by a generally poor economic picture and rapid escalation in the cost of living."

As one moonshiner points out, operating a still is one way of supplementing your income. "Most get into it for economic reasons," he says. "They have a few acres of land and a dozen kids kicking around, and they can't make ends meet." Most moonshiners find it profitable to turn out five-gallon batches at a time,



**GIVE
YOURSELF
THE VALENTINE
GIFT THAT'S
GOOD FOR THE
WHOLE YEAR!**



(Newsstand price \$24.00 per year)

GET INSIGHT. SAVE \$7.00

Only \$17.00 per year (12 issues) in Canada. Save 29% off newsstand price.
U.S.A. Territories and Possessions \$25.00 per year. Overseas: \$45.00 per year.

2 Subscriptions ☐ 1 Subscription ☐ Total \$

Payment enclosed ☐ Thank you. Bill me later ☐

Name

Address

Postal Code

GIVE IT TO A FRIEND

NAME

ADDRESS

Postal Code

B1B 022

(Newsstand price \$24.00 per year)

GET INSIGHT. SAVE \$7.00

Only \$17.00 per year (12 issues) in Canada. Save 29% off newsstand price.
U.S.A. Territories and Possessions \$25.00 per year. Overseas: \$45.00 per year.

2 Subscriptions ☐ 1 Subscription ☐ Total \$

Payment enclosed ☐ Thank you. Bill me later ☐

Name

Address

Postal Code

GIVE IT TO A FRIEND

NAME

ADDRESS

Postal Code

B1B 022



No Postage Stamp Necessary
If Mailed In Canada

Postage will be paid by:

Atlantic
Insight

958 Barrington Street
Halifax, Nova Scotia
B3H 2P7



**GIVE
YOURSELF
THE VALENTINE
GIFT THAT'S
GOOD FOR THE
WHOLE YEAR!**

No Postage Stamp Necessary
If Mailed In Canada

Postage will be paid by:

Atlantic
Insight

958 Barrington Street
Halifax, Nova Scotia
B3H 2P7



What if, instead of a regular 9-to-5 job, you could work from home, set your own hours, and have a job that's as flexible as you are? That's the idea behind the new "Homebased Business" section in Atlantic Insight. This section is designed to help you find a business that fits your lifestyle and your skills. Whether you're looking for a full-time or part-time opportunity, or just want to explore some ideas, this section has you covered. It's the perfect place to start if you're considering a career change or just want to make the most of your spare time. The section includes a variety of articles, including a guide to homebased businesses, a list of potential opportunities, and a Q&A with a successful homebased business owner. So if you're ready to take the first step towards a new career path, turn to the "Homebased Business" section in Atlantic Insight today.

According to a recent survey, more than 50 percent of Canadians are considering starting a homebased business. This is a significant increase from just a few years ago, when only about 20 percent of Canadians were considering this option. The reasons for this increase are many, but one of the most common is the desire for a more flexible work schedule. Many people are looking for a way to balance their work and family commitments, and a homebased business can provide a solution. Another reason for the increase is the growing popularity of the Internet. The Internet has made it easier than ever to find customers and market products, which has lowered the barriers to entry for many homebased businesses. Finally, the growing awareness of the benefits of homebased businesses is also a factor. Many people are realizing that a homebased business can be a great way to make the most of their skills and interests. So if you're considering a homebased business, now is the time to take the first step. Turn to the "Homebased Business" section in Atlantic Insight today, and you'll be well on your way to success.

Homebased businesses are a great way to make the most of your skills and interests. They can provide a flexible work schedule, allow you to work from home, and give you the opportunity to be your own boss. There are many different types of homebased businesses, so you can find one that fits your lifestyle and your skills. Whether you're looking for a full-time or part-time opportunity, or just want to explore some ideas, this section has you covered. It's the perfect place to start if you're considering a career change or just want to make the most of your spare time. The section includes a variety of articles, including a guide to homebased businesses, a list of potential opportunities, and a Q&A with a successful homebased business owner. So if you're ready to take the first step towards a new career path, turn to the "Homebased Business" section in Atlantic Insight today.

selling the moonshine for \$50 to \$65 a gallon—which translates into about \$275 for an afternoon's work. One still seized last year, however, had a 125-gallon capacity. The owner, producing 25 gallons a day, netted about \$1,400 a run, nearly three times the minimum fine for his first offence.

Moonshiners like to sell an entire run at once, handing it over to a bootlegger, who adds his distribution fee to the price of a bottle. But you can still buy a 12-ounce bottle of moonshine from a bootlegger for \$6 or less, compared with \$6.85 for an equivalent amount of rye at the liquor store (\$6.35 for rum). Buying directly from the moonshiner would cost you about \$4.80 a 12-ounce "pint." Or you could buy a gallon from a moonshiner at \$50 to \$65, compared with \$91 for an equivalent amount from the liquor store.

You don't need much capital to get into the moonshine trade. Buy a custom-made still from a metal-worker for as little as \$200, add a propane stove, about \$50 worth of ingredients, and you're in business. The first step is to produce a mash from the fermentation of molasses, sugar and yeast, perhaps adding raisins, oranges or lemons to taste. After a week, the mash is ready for distillation. The moonshiner places it in his still—a sealed, stainless steel or copper tank—and heats it slowly. The mash changes into a vapor that rises to the top, passes through a metal tube in which it cools, and then condenses into a liquid, collected drop by drop in another container. This clear liquid is moonshine.

Because moonshining is illegal, the brew obviously doesn't have to meet government-approved health or potency standards, so you take your chances when you buy the stuff. One veteran brewer remarks: "When the money becomes more important than the fun of it, the quality goes down." You have to rely on the manufacturer's reputation, or on years of drinking experience that tells you which bottles are brackish and which are a delight to the palate. Some connoisseurs, Gaskell says, "won't drink anything out of the store. They're strictly moonshine drinkers. They have a little more preference as to what they buy. They have to know who it's coming from and what type it is."

Dr. Lyle Redman, clinical chemist for the provincial laboratories, says the best moonshiners refine out impurities by running the brew through the still twice, a process called double distillation. The end product is odorless, crystal clear, with no hint of oiliness. Anything not up to that standard, Redman says, "I might put in my gas tank, but I surely wouldn't drink it."

So far, the RCMP crime lab in Sackville, N.B., which tests illegal liquor samples, has given its safety seal of approval to Island moonshine seized by police, although some did contain traces of impurities such as wood alcohol. (The

lab also found that the Island brew had a potency ranging from 75 to 115 proof, compared with about 70 for bonded alcohol.) But the Mounties are worried about rumors that some moonshiners are using hazardous additives to speed the fermentation process—lye, Javex, shoe polish. "This development is alarming," Gaskell says, "because this stuff is often bootlegged out to where our young people can easily get it." Stills made from metals such as iron or steel can produce "dirty runs": The metal leaches into the 'shine during distillation. This liquor, Redman says, would leave a deposit of iron in the liver and eventually cause serious medical problems. Too-high temperatures and pressures create

impurities, such as fusel oil, acetic acid and acetaldehyde. Poor distillation methods also can produce byproducts—methyl alcohol (wood alcohol), acetone (used in nail polish remover), or isopropyl (rubbing alcohol)—which can cause blindness or even death.

Some drinkers put moonshine through tests ranging from the fanciful to the pseudo-scientific. One swears by a trial-by-fire: If you set a spoonful of 'shine ablaze, he says, a clear, blue flame indicates high quality brew. Another Island moonshine drinker says this proves just the opposite. Still another advises leaving a spoonful of moonshine in a glass of milk for half an hour. If the milk doesn't curdle, he says, you're safe. Some



ADAMS
4 ROSES
A BEAUTIFUL RYE
AN APPEALING PRICE



BUSINESS

connoisseurs have more sophisticated methods, such as using hydrometers to test alcohol strength.

For most drinkers, though, the proof of the 'shine is in the drinking. They rely on their own experience—or on the experience of brewers whose skill in the art has been passed down through generations. As Finance Minister Lloyd MacPhail observes: "Bootlegging, illicit production and sale, have been with us in this province for a very long time and under quite a variety of conditions."

Even before Confederation, the drinkers and the non-drinkers were fight-

ing over whether the Island should be wet or dry. In 1852, a prohibition bill in the P.E.I. legislative council lost by only one vote. Twenty-six years later, the Island became the first province in Canada to pass a temperance act, which started 70 years of prohibition. A new act liberalized liquor laws, allowing Islanders to buy a licence which got them one bottle of spirits or one case of beer a week. The permit system lasted until 1967. And in 1964, clubs, lounges and dining rooms were allowed to start serving alcoholic drinks.

Throughout the dry period, police

rarely enforced the prohibition law with vigor, and many Islanders simply ignored it or went underground. Bootleggers, rum-runners and moonshiners thrived for nearly three generations. Then the illicit trade faded as legal liquor started competing with home brew.

"Now," Gaskell says, "with the rise in liquor prices and the state of the economy, moonshining is coming back." It's unlikely that liquor store prices will get any lower. "The main reason for increasing tax rates," MacPhail says, "is that the province needs the money. If taxes were to decrease, it would be due to better economic conditions."

Meanwhile, stopping the moonshine trade isn't exactly a top priority for the RCMP. They hit two or three stills a year in 1978 and 1979, and conducted about three times as many raids in the next two years. Gaskell says that if the Mounties had twice as many men to assign to the illicit liquor trade investigations, arrests certainly would double. In the meantime, while police aren't ignoring the problem, they have to concentrate most of their efforts on more serious crimes—just as they did in an earlier era, during the previous golden age of moonshine on Prince Edward Island.

— Finley Martin

A word about 2001 A.D.



Children starting school today will be in their 20's when the 21st century begins.

The education children receive now will shape the foundation of the next century. How students are equipped to deal with the world will determine, to a great extent, the form the world will take.

The feeding of 6.2 billion people, the depletion of natural resources, the information explosion, increased life expectancy and use of leisure time are all major concerns. These, and other challenges yet unknown, face our children as they step into the 21st century.

It is our children who will have to weigh the considerations and discover the answers. 2001 is not as far away as you think.

We, the teachers of Atlantic Canada, view today's students as holders of the potential to meet these global challenges.

It is our job to give them the tools.

Something to think about
Atlantic Canada Teachers

Up coming in Atlantic Insight

Angèle Arsenault: A Prince Edward Islander wows French Canada with her joyous, exuberant songs

Travel: Nightlife, sun and surf in the Bahamas

Unemployment insurance: The new rules hit hardest in Nfld. and N.B.

STRIKE GOLD



Carioca Gold.
On-the-rocks it's more than
just rum of a different colour.
It's a golden treasure of
the islands:
Rich. Mellow.

And smooth.
The real taste of rum as
rum was meant to be.
Each sip, another strike
of gold.
Carioca Gold.

Ron Carioca Gold Rum

Distilled in Canada by Schenley Canada, Inc.





Keukenof Park: A glorious riot of flowers

Amsterdam: The only trouble is, you have to leave it

And after generous samples of the beauty, not to mention the fine food and beer of the "Venice of the North," you won't want to

By Rob Dykstra

A few years ago, Amsterdam celebrated its 700th birthday by bringing out a commemorative book. Its title was *Amsterdam: My Beautiful Crazy Rotten City*.

Beautiful? There's not much doubt. The capital and largest city of the Netherlands, with its quiet, tree-lined canals and 17th-century patrician houses, is balm for the eyes.

Crazy? Maybe. Where else would you see a young woman with hair dyed a brilliant green moving amid the Saturday shopping crowds without turning a single head? Or two lanky policemen, blond locks cascading from official caps, nodding friendly hellos to the scantily clad ladies in the windows of the city's red light district. (Amsterdammers call it the "warm neighborhood.")

You might remember that in the early Seventies it was Amsterdam where

people had the bright idea of painting bicycles white to indicate that they could be used freely by anyone to go anywhere. At the same time, free-wheeling youths from every part of the world could roll out their sleeping bags and bed down for free in central Vondel Park.

But who needs a city that its own inhabitants describe as rotten? To understand, you need to know that the description says more about the nature of the Amsterdammer than about the city. He likes to complain. But he does it with a sense of humor and a lacing of irony. When he talks of his *Mokum* (a local term of endearment for his city) he may call it rotten but he does it with a wink, knowing he wouldn't trade it for all the salt herring in the world.

Give me Amsterdam, it is much more beautiful than Paris.

The record crackles through the

speakers at the bar, scratchy from use, but the regulars still ask for it again. Willem, the bartender, with his pink, chubby face, white shirt and tie, flips a dish towel over his right shoulder, raises his eyebrows almost to the smoke-stained ceiling. "Say it," he says, which is the informal Amsterdam way of asking what you'll have to drink.

"*Twee pils alstublieft*," I say in my best Amsterdam accent which he immediately recognizes as not being from Amsterdam.

"Two beer," he repeats proudly in English. It's rare to meet a native of Amsterdam who doesn't speak some English and many are so proud of their skill that they'll go to great lengths to show it off. At the railway station one day a man was so overjoyed to be able to tell me directions in English that he made me miss the train I'd been asking about.

My wife and I are in a small café called *Het Straatje van Vermeer*, just off the Albert Cuypstraat, the location of one of Amsterdam's 11 outdoor markets, selling everything from shoes to flowers to fresh fish. This is one of the city's hundreds of "brown cafés," neighborhood pubs for the working class, each with its loyal crowd, drinking Heineken beer in the snugness of dark brown wood panelled walls and wooden floors. The

music may be a little maudlin but the atmosphere is *gezellig*. Like the German *gemütlich*, that's a word that encompasses a number of English meanings: Sociable, warm, cosy, friendly.

We emerge from Willem's café, blinking in the late afternoon sunlight of a warm, spring day. The market is closing down and shoppers who have purposely waited till the last minute to get the best bargains are rushing to the last remaining stalls. Everyone's buying flowers. It's springtime and this is Holland. No Dutch household is ever without flowers, especially in the spring, and it's not just one bouquet but four, five or even more. Housewives bring home flowers with their shopping. Men pick up a bunch on the way home from work. And it's almost an insult to arrive for a visit without bringing cakes or flowers.

Flower stalls are as ubiquitous around the city as bridges. You can walk down an entire street full of flower and plant stalls along the Singel Canal, near the Mint Tower which once held all the city's money. Bouquet upon bouquet are yours for about \$2 Canadian a bunch. You might be tempted too by the thousands of bulbs—tulips, narcissus, hyacinths—all at bargain basement prices. You should know, though, that you can't import bulbs into Canada unless they've been specially treated and packaged to prevent the spread of plant diseases. At J.B. Wijs and Son, 508 Singel, the packaged bulbs will cost you about twice as much but you'll get them through customs.

Real flower enthusiasts can take a bus to Keukenhof, a huge landscaped park displaying all varieties of flowers grown commercially in Holland, or visit nearby Aalsmeer, the world's largest flower centre and watch a Dutch flower auction: A shout from the buyer stops a giant clock which indicates the price he must pay. And this year, from April to October, there's a special bonus: Floriade, the international horticultural exhibition, takes place in Amsterdam. The display of flowering plants will be laid out in the southeastern part of the city, along the banks of the Gaasperplas, a former bog pool drained and diverted to leave a typical Dutch polder—reclaimed land, ideal for plant growth.

Amsterdam's first settlers were fishermen who established themselves before the 12th century in the middle of a swamp between the Amstel River and the Zuider Zee, now known as IJsselmeer. Holland's huge land reclamation project has reduced the body of water from its former size but even in the early days, settlers tried to make a dry spot by damming the Amstel River. Their dry spot, which eventually became a thriving community of fishermen and traders, was called Amstelledam.

Dry, as later Amsterdammers have found, is a matter of degree. Because of the soft, wet ground, much of the city is built on piles which act as a foundation.

Still, some old houses are sinking slowly into the ground while others lean at dangerous angles, supported by timbers and poles.

As the port grew, city officials drew up a plan to build a series of circular canals connecting the harbor and the river. From the three original canals—Herengracht, Keizersgracht and Prinsengracht—countless smaller ones grew in a network of waterways that earned the city the name Venice of the North. (City dwellers call Venice the Amsterdam of the South.)

But if the city was built for boats rather than cars, it's also perfect for walking, or for riding a bike, which 550,000 Amsterdammers do and you can do too for \$3 a day. Pedal yourself to the Jordaan, the old working class district where the accent is to Dutch what a New York Bronx accent is to English. Younger folk are moving in with boutiques, antique stores and vegetarian restaurants, but some of the old characters, the old pig-and-whistle style cafés and the hell-with-tomorrow attitude are still there.

You can also bike around the Dam, a square from which a number of streets radiate, including the Kalverstraat, the "street of calves," one of Amsterdam's main shopping areas. The square is also the site of the Royal Palace, built in 1648. It was originally meant to be the city hall and the queen still uses it when she visits the city. Next door to it is the New Church, another 17th-century edifice, recently restored, the setting for the coronation of all Dutch monarchs.

Amsterdam's official weigh station, where all goods were weighed and taxed, stood at the centre of the Dam until 1808 when King Louis Napoleon, who was staying at the palace, ordered it torn

PHOTOS BY ROB DYKSTRA



One of the city's 11 outdoor markets



Amsterdam was built for boats rather than cars



Streets like this earned Amsterdam the name Venice of the North

down because it blocked his view. Today the spot is home to the occasional puppet show or organ grinder.

From the Dam it's a short ride to number 4 Jodenbreestraat, where Rembrandt lived from 1639 to 1658. It's now a museum with displays of etchings and drawings by the master. Or ride further to the Schreierstoren (Weepers' tower), built in 1480, where the wives of sailors and fishermen lamented the fate of their husbands, lost in the storms at sea. It was from this very spot that Henry Hudson set sail for New York in 1609.

If you're not keen on seeing the city on foot or by bike, there are always the canals. Canal tours leave from various parts of the city. There's even one for romantics—a night tour which includes

a candlelight dinner on the boat.

The melancholy sound of the Westertoren bells echoes through the Prinsengracht area just as it has for hundreds of years. In her famous diary, Anne Frank describes the sound of those bells as soothing and reassuring her and her family as they hid for two years from the Nazis in the back of a 17th-century gabled Amsterdam house at 263 Prinsengracht. The house itself is now a museum and the back annex, where the family hid, has been left unchanged since the Second World War. You can still see the false bookcase that hid the door to the annex, the small map with pins on which the Frank family marked the Allied advance from Normandy and, in one

room, the pencil marks which recorded the heights of the growing children.

If you love museums and antiques, you can hardly go wrong in Amsterdam. Its citizens relish their heritage and the city probably has more museums per capita than any other city in western Europe. There are museums dedicated to pastrymaking, typewriters, butterflies, newspapers, ships, airplanes and money boxes.

The two museums you won't want to miss are the Rijksmuseum and the Vincent van Gogh museum, both conveniently located in the same area only a few minutes' tram ride from Central Station. The Rijksmuseum is Amsterdam's Louvre, housing the great works of Vermeer, Frans Hals and the greatest Dutch master of all, Rembrandt. Behind the Rijksmuseum, across Museum Square with its spring blaze of yellow, purple and white crocuses and daffodils, the Van Gogh museum, a modern building, houses the largest single collection of the painter's works including his letters, as well as paintings and drawings by Gauguin, Bernard and Monticelli.

Another major museum well worth a visit is the Amsterdam Historical Museum. Located in a former orphanage, it has artifacts and audio-visual displays that tell of the city's beginnings and growth.

But no visitor or native Amsterdammer lives by museums alone. If the first quest of the people of this city is for *gezelligheid*, the second, surely, is for food. Here's a common spring scene: A man in a hat and overcoat jumps off his bike, leans it against the railing of a bridge and walks up to a polished wood cart with red, white and blue Dutch flags flying from the top. He asks the man behind the counter for *en groentje met uien*—literally translated, "a little green one with onions." His mouth is watering at the prospect of eating a raw, salted herring, caught this spring (thus the term "green").

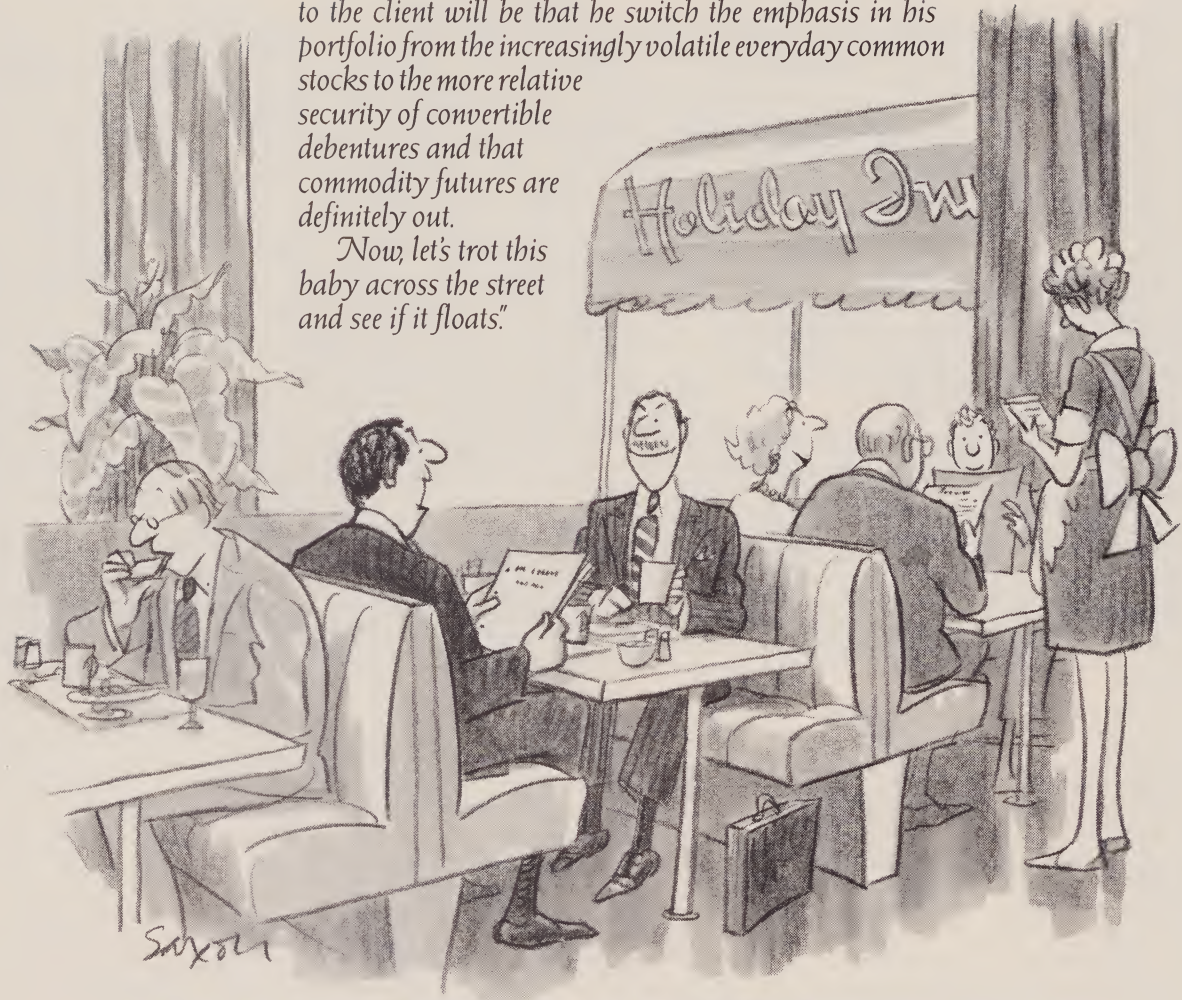
He grabs the herring by the tail, finely chopped onions clinging to its sides, and lets it slither down his throat. There's no need to chew because, as anyone will tell you, a good raw herring melts in the mouth. The ritual goes on all over the city, at all times of the day or night. You may view raw, salt herring as an acquired taste (which it is) but once you're hooked, watch out. Like any Amsterdammer, you'll have trouble passing a herring stand without having just one more.

Traditional Dutch cooking, still eaten in most working class homes, is plain and hearty—usually fish or meat, boiled potatoes and a vegetable. *Snert*, a thick, rich pea soup made with pork hocks, goes down well in winter but it's just as good for warming up on any chilly day.

But what makes Amsterdam most rewarding for the gourmet is the avail-

"We're in agreement then that our recommendation to the client will be that he switch the emphasis in his portfolio from the increasingly volatile everyday common stocks to the more relative security of convertible debentures and that commodity futures are definitely out.

Now, let's trot this baby across the street and see if it floats."



Holiday Inn is closer to where the action is in business.

Holiday Inn has more than 60 hotels across Canada. So it's more than likely we've got one just where you need one. And it's, probably, within minutes of your clients. All our hotels feature the same famous standards, to make you feel comfortable and pleasantly welcome.

As a business traveller,

you will also appreciate numerous extra-special features. Like free guest parking, spacious conference rooms, special corporate and group rates, seminar packages, and Inner Circle® membership.

Next business trip, stay with Holiday Inn. Because we're closer to the action.

Holiday Inn®
Number One in people pleasing.

For reservations, call, toll-free: In British Columbia and Alberta, 1-(800)-268-8811; in Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes, 1-(800)-268-8980; in Toronto, 486-6400; in Montreal, 878-4321; your nearest Holiday Inn or your travel agent.

TRAVEL



Amsterdammers love to buy flowers, especially in spring when flower stalls fill the streets

ability of almost every type of national dish. Here are foods native to Russia, France, Surinam. Most prized of all is Indonesian cooking, a legacy from the Netherlands' years of colonial domination of that country.

Nasi goreng or *bami goreng*, rice or noodles fried with a mixture of vegetables and Indonesian spices, are common dishes. But the real feast is *rijstafel* or rice table. It's an elaborate meal featuring rice and as many as 24 small dishes of meats and vegetables, some marinated in coconut milk or buried under a peanut sauce. You can take your time with a *rijstafel*—you have to, with such a lot of food. Dishes are kept warm in heating trays at your table.

Perhaps the pleasantest surprise about Indonesian food in Amsterdam is the price. We had a 12-dish rice table at the Indrapoera Jakarta, which looks out on lively Rembrandt Square and a statue of the painter himself, for about \$25, including beer, the traditional cooling draught taken with the spicy Indonesian dishes. If you've saved any room for dessert, the *pisang goreng*, slices of banana covered in batter and deep fried, is marvellous.

For snacks, you can't beat Amsterdam. *Broodjeswinkels*—snack bars selling fresh buns with an assortment of cheeses and sliced meats—are everywhere. So are the automats, vending machines where you look through a window and choose your hot croquette, *frikandel* (spicy sausage) or *nasi* balls (balls of fried rice dipped in batter and deep fried). If it sounds a bit too close to North American-style fast food, perhaps it is, but Amsterdammers have been "eating out of the wall," as they call

it, for years.

A unique Dutch snack is *poftertjes*, tiny pancakes smothered in butter and icing sugar, usually washed down with beer. Bakers of these little morsels once travelled from town to town, setting up shop for a week or two in something like a large circus tent. The nomadic tradition has faded away but there's a permanent *poftertjes* tent near the centre of the city on the Weteringschanscircui, a daffodil-covered square conveniently near the Heineken brewery.

The café exudes a colorful carnival atmosphere. The chef stands over a large griddle at the front, frying a hundred *poftertjes* at a time. You'll be amazed at the lightning speed with which he turns them over. Walk past him and find yourself a seat, as tradition has it, the common folk in the central open area and the aristocrats in the private booths along the sides.

After that you might want to head for the Heineken brewery, just across the canal called the Stadhouders Kade. Guides will take you through the brewery (check tour times) and show you how the different beers are made. At the end of the tour, you'll visit the brewery's own bar where, after suffering through a 15-minute film extolling the virtues of the company and its product, you'll quaff two or three free glasses of beer.

If all the walking, bicycling, eating and beer-tasting haven't wiped you out by midnight, don't head for your hotel. Go to Leidseplein, a square that's lined on all sides with all-night bars, nightclubs, cafés and discotheques. It's where trendy Amsterdammers appear to be just starting their day.

Accommodation offers you a wide range of choices. You can go as low as

\$10 a night for a room with a shared bath in a small pension-style hotel. The other end of the scale includes hotels such as the Amsterdam Hilton or the Japanese Okura International which average about \$100 a night for a double.

We stayed in a typical petite hotel, Hotel Belga, with about 12 rooms. It cost about \$24 a night for two and included an excellent breakfast of bread, Dutch rusks, ham, cheese, a boiled egg and a generous pot of coffee or tea. In the summer, during peak tourist season, prices are higher. There are many of these small hotels in Amsterdam and unless you really prefer something more luxurious they are your best bet. They're clean, warm, reasonable in price and serve a good breakfast, not just the standard roll and coffee. The tourist office (look for the VVV sign), opposite Central Station, will help you make bookings.

It's our last day in Amsterdam and we're back at the tiny, brown café Het Straatje van Vermeer. The nostalgic songs about the good, old days still crackle from the speakers set high above the bar. The regulars still sing along. I ask Willem if I can have two or three of his cardboard Heineken coasters to take home for souvenirs. He snaps a "No," shakes his head in case I didn't hear, then bobs down behind the counter. I shrug and accept his answer knowing that Amsterdammers, like the Scots, have a reputation for being cheap. A moment later Willem pops back up and sets down on the bar a brand new roll of coasters, 200 a least. "Here," he says with a wink. "Pay me next time."

It's a beautiful, crazy, rotten city, this Amsterdam. The rotten part is that you have to leave. ☒

**"Bonded Stock
Is
Rye Drinkers'
Rye."**

GOODERHAM'S



**Bonded
Stock**

Canadian

Whisky

Canadien

Gooderham & Worts

1832

Toronto Canada

CANADA'S FIRST DISTILL



Dim sum is some good

By Pat Lotz

Lynn Shih and Sandy Szeto, who combined their culinary skills to produce the *dim sum* dishes featured here, are neighbors in Dartmouth, N.S., and co-owners of a Chinese grocery store across the harbor in Halifax. They take turns spending the day in Rose Marie Oriental Gourmet on Queen Street. In the window are woks, bamboo steamers and porcelain tea sets. The shelves are stocked with everything an oriental cook could desire, from dried mushrooms, hoisin and oyster sauces and Chinese vinegar to dried persimmon that look like buttons from a winter coat and slender, silk-like rice vermicelli. And in the freezer, for those without the patience to make them, are frozen *dim sum* dishes.

Dim sum literally translated means

1 tbsp. oil
2 tbsp. brown sugar
¼ cup dry onion flakes
½ cup water
½ tbsp. soy sauce
1 tbsp. oyster sauce
½ tsp. sesame oil
½ tsp. salt
3 tbsp. cornstarch

Put flour in a large bowl. Dissolve yeast thoroughly in warm water and add it, with the milk, to the flour. Knead for about 5 minutes until well mixed. Cover bowl and let mixture rise until double in bulk (about 2 hours). Heat 1 tbsp. oil in wok or frying pan and fry onion flakes until dark brown. Remove onion, add brown sugar and when it has dissolved, add ½ cup water. When water boils, add soy and oyster sauces, sesame oil and salt, and let boil again. Thicken with

cornstarch mixed with a little water. Remove to a large bowl and when mixture is cool, add barbecued pork cut into 1/3-inch cubes. Mix well. Knead the dough on a pastry board and then cut into 24 pieces. Flatten each piece with a rolling pin and roll out into 3-inch-diameter pancakes (keeping centres slightly thicker). Put 1 tbsp. filling in centre of dough and pinch-pleat so that all the edges come to the top centre

and dumpling is round with swirl design on top and closed tightly. Place each bun on a 2½-inch piece of wax paper and let rest for 30 minutes. Put them in a steamer rack, place over boiling water and steam for 20 minutes.

Spring Rolls

6 oz. lean pork
4 oz. shrimp, shredded
½ lb. bean sprouts
2 oz. green onions
20 pieces spring roll skin
6 cups oil
1 tbsp. soy sauce
1 tsp. salt

Cut pork into string shapes and marinate with ½ tbsp. soy sauce and 1 tsp. cornstarch. In another bowl, marinate shrimp in mixture of ¼ tsp. salt and 1 tsp. cornstarch. Heat 5 tbsp. of oil in wok or frying pan. Stir fry pork for about ½ minute, drain and put aside. In same oil, stir fry shrimp until well done. Remove to bowl with pork. Add bean

sprouts to pan, stir fry a moment, add soy sauce and salt. Cook for 1 minute, then add pork, shrimp, and green onions cut into string shapes. Stir fry for ½ minute over high heat, then thicken with 1 tbsp. cornstarch mixed with 1 tbsp. water. Transfer contents of pan to large bowl. Place 2 tbsp. filling on a spring roll skin (they are about the size of a piece of typing paper) about 1 inch from the edge nearest you. Roll once or twice, then fold right side toward centre, then left side toward centre. Continue rolling into a tight roll. Brush outer edge with a paste made from 1 tbsp. flour and ½ tsp. water and close. Place roll seam side down to hold tightly and keep its shape until time for frying. Heat oil in pan, deep fry rolls over high heat for about 3 minutes or until golden. Serve with soy sauce, plum sauce or brown vinegar.

Sweet Rice Cake in Bamboo Leaves

1 lb. glutinous sweet rice
20 bamboo leaves
4 tbsp. soy sauce
1 tbsp. salt
10 dried black mushrooms, washed and soaked
10 chestnuts, washed and soaked
1 oz. dried shrimp, washed and soaked
¼ lb. Chinese sausage, sliced
1 lb. lean pork

Wash rice and soak in water for 40 minutes. Drain. Soak the bamboo leaves for an hour, then wash them, one by one. Cut pork into 2x½-inch cubes, marinate in 2 tbsp. soy sauce. Add 2 tbsp. soy sauce and 1 tbsp. salt to drained rice. Using one or two bamboo leaves, fold into cone shapes. Put 1½ tbsp. rice in cone, add 1 each of the mushrooms and chestnuts, a few shrimps, 1 piece of pork, 2 or 3 pieces of sausage, then cover with 1½ tbsp. rice. Pull down bamboo leaves toward you to cover the filling and secure with string. Put stuffed leaves in a large pot, cover with cold water and bring to a boil. Then turn down heat to medium and cook for 2 hours.

Pork Siu My

10 oz. ground pork
¼ cup bamboo shoots, chopped
2 tbsp. dried black mushrooms, soaked and chopped
½ tbsp. soy sauce
1 tsp. salt
2 tsp. cornstarch
few drops sesame oil
30 pieces wonton cover

Round off the corners of the wonton covers. Thoroughly mix pork, bamboo shoots, mushrooms, soy sauce, salt, cornstarch and sesame oil in bowl. Place 1½ tsp. of mixture in centre of a wonton cover. Pinch up the edges like a cup cake. Place them in steamer on a damp cloth and steam for about 15 minutes over high heat. If you wish, you can decorate centre with piece of ham or carrot.



Shih and Szeto: Combining their culinary skills

bit-hearts, "morsels that touch the heart with happiness." They are savory concoctions of meat, vegetables and spices, wrapped in noodle dough, pastry or dumplings, and steamed or deep fried. Traditionally they are eaten as mid-morning or afternoon snacks accompanied by tea, but *dim sum* is also becoming popular for brunch or light lunch. Lynn Shih makes about 10 different *dim sum* but in some restaurants in San Francisco it is not unusual to have 40 dishes to choose from. Because *dim sum* is part of the Cantonese cuisine, pork is frequently a feature of the recipe. However, if you wish, you can substitute beef or chicken.

Steamed Barbecued Pork Buns

2 cups all-purpose flour
2 cups pastry flour
½ cup warm water
1½ cups warm milk
2 tsp. yeast
½ lb. barbecued pork



Satellite scanning: New eyes on the region's geology

The color photographs on the walls of George Stevens' study in Wolfville, N.S., show some striking scenes of the Annapolis Valley, but they're a far cry from the usual calendar-art views of apple blossoms and oxen grazing in green fields. Stevens' photos are not photographs at all, but images produced by a computer. They are ultra-sophisticated maps produced by data supplied by a space satellite, and they provide instant information about the area—its vegetation, rock formations and shoreline—that would be almost impossible to obtain from the ground, or even from an airplane.

Stevens, who recently resigned as head of the geology department at Wolfville's Acadia University, is working with the Canada Centre for Remote Sensing on improving applications of remote sensing—the study of information from far away. With funding from the National Research Council, he is on sabbatical from Acadia, and he'll travel to Korea and Sweden later this year to work on remote sensing projects there.

Satellite images are useful in a wide variety of fields, including farming, surveying, ice reconnaissance, crop evaluation and forestry. Satellites also have made possible radical changes in Stevens' own field, geology, giving geologists greatly expanded methods of field measurement. The first Landsat satellite, launched in 1972, contained a picture-making system called a multi-spectral scanner that produces images of the earth from high up in space.

"Before the invention of the airplane," Stevens says, "the geologist used his boots to observe the earth. With the advent of the aircraft came aerial maps. Now, with space satellites, you move beyond the atmosphere. This very high platform, combined with the multi-spectral scanner, makes it possible to go much further than ground observations. With the satellite, it's as if you had six eyes, each one seeing a different aspect of the same scene."

While aerial mapping made the geologist's work easier, it involved piecing together photographs of relatively small areas. That can be tedious, and it also can produce a distorted picture. With a satellite, you can scan much larger areas at one time. A satellite is much more stable than an airplane: It isn't affected by conditions such as tail winds that can force a plane to change its orientation. And, because it periodically scans the same area, it can help detect changes that occur over time in one spot on the earth.

Scientists have used satellite imagery to map bedrock fracture networks, but mostly over deserts or rocky barrens. One of Stevens' projects has been to refine applications of remote sensing for use in heavily vegetated areas, such as forested regions of the Maritimes.

What the satellite scanner does is

record a numerical value for every spot on the earth's surface. Because of this, a computer can manipulate pictures recorded by the scanner.

An ordinary camera makes analogue photographs—recognizable representations of a scene. The image is recorded in continuous gradations of tone or color along a two-dimensional surface (the film). This kind of photograph is fine for aerial surveying. Something more sophisticated is needed for satellite imagery.

It's possible to process an image by computer so that it can be manipulated mathematically, rather than optically. First, however, the scene must be scanned and converted to digital values, producing an image made up of small, separate units called pixels. This system of digitized images also has applications beyond satellite scanning. It's the principle behind the CAT-scan x-ray and improved reproduction of color photographs. Digitizing isn't even limited to visual images. "Eventually, most phonograph records will be digitized," Stevens says. "The Japanese already have a personal camera on the market that makes digitized images, rather than conventional photographs on film."

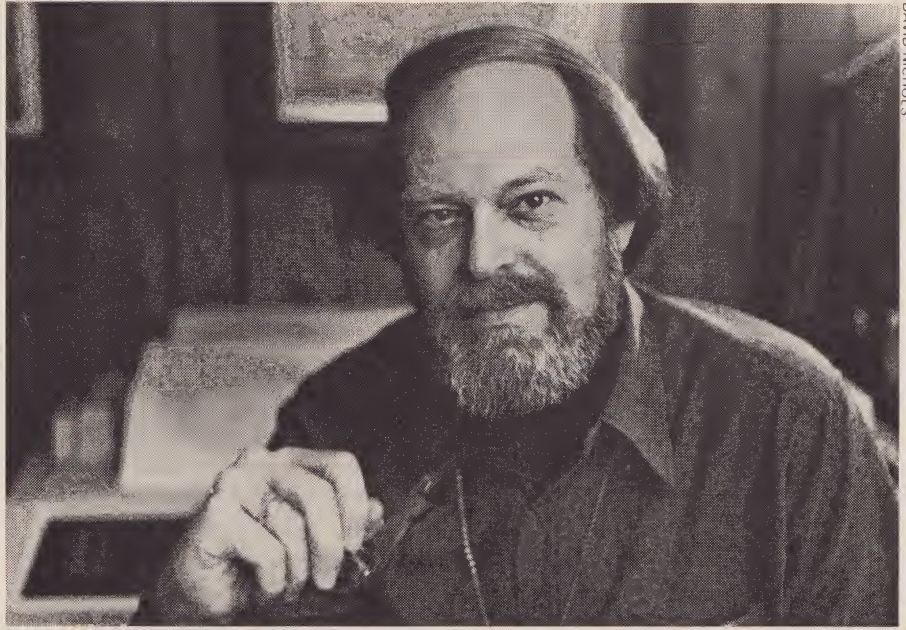
Because you can manipulate satellite images mathematically, they make certain studies in geology much faster. "Mineral deposits have particular radiance values," Stevens explains, "so you could instruct the computer to single out only those areas with particular sets of values."

While remote sensing is stretching the boundaries of geology, however, it's unlikely that it will ever replace the old-fashioned methods. Geologists still have to do groundwork, travel to the spots that the satellite pin-points and do followup studies. "What remote sensing can do is speed up the process and yield new information not easily available otherwise," Steven says. "It's like going to a foreign city with the street map already in hand."

— Elizabeth Hanton



With satellite scanning, scientists can manipulate images by computer to pin-point and measure specific details. These two color pictures, for example, provide information about various characteristics of Nova Scotia's Minas Basin region. The picture below includes Cape Split and Cape Blomidon (on the point of the land in the centre), Windsor (lower centre), Parrsboro (north of Cape Blomidon), Wolfville and Kentville (north of Windsor). Blue areas show water, with turbidity along the shoreline; the white spots are gypsum quarries; the dark red areas, woodlands; and the light red areas, agricultural land. In another view of the same region (opposite page), the computer has shaded farmlands green and yellow; other colors define stands of hardwood and softwood trees.



George Stevens: "With the satellite, it's as if you had six eyes"



PROFILE

Ballet east takes off, with Sally Bliss in the wings

This ex-Maritimer, one of the biggest movers in New York's dance world, says top-class dance can—and will—happen here

Sally Brayley Bliss taps her fingers on an open brown folder, one of dozens piled on the desk of her office on West 56th Street in Manhattan. She has the petite, energetic figure and the long thin hands of the dancer she was. In the folder is a résumé of a choreographer who would like to have his work performed by the Joffrey II Dancers, of which Bliss is artistic director.

She has just taken a phone call from an assistant who is looking after preparations for a Joffrey II performance in Chatham, N.J., that evening. "What is the stage like?" she asks. "Fantastic. Those radio ads? Yes, I'm upset. We'll see what can be done. Let me go." She explains somewhat angrily that the promoter of the Chatham performance has taken radio spots advertising the Joffrey II Dancers starring Ron Reagan,

the president's son. "We do not single out individual dancers," she says. Not that she thinks the president's son can't have a professional career. "He has begun one. I foresee that Ron Reagan will have a varied repertory of roles in the main Joffrey Ballet."

At 44, Bliss, born in London, raised in Nova Scotia, is a formidable presence in the New York dance world. And that's not all. In addition to her work with the Joffrey, she enjoys a high-powered social position in the Manhattan cultural world as the wife of Anthony Bliss, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Last year, she agreed to serve as artistic adviser to a new dance company proposed by the Halifax Dance Association. "It will take at least five years to create," Bliss says. "I will be on hand to consult on ways of proceeding with the Atlantic company."



JOSEPH DARVAL

Bliss: Fanatically loyal to her dancers



**Distinctive
Designs
Limited**

Custom Kitchens and Bathrooms
in cherry, oak, maple, pine.

5 year written warranty on cabinets and installation

Free Design Service

Distinctive Designs Ltd., 1211 Cole Harbour Road, Dartmouth,
Nova Scotia B2V 1M9 (902) 434-6305

KitchenAid

NuTone

Scovill

**Thermador
Waste King**



KOHLER

SUB-ZERO

**JENN-AIR
CORPORATION**

Jacuzzi
WHIRLPOOL BATH
Anything else is something less.



There is prime ballet talent in the Maritimes. I wouldn't be involved with the project if I didn't believe that. The potential exists of having a fine professional company of dancers develop in Halifax that could reach and sustain world-class standards."

The projected troupe would bring together choreographers, lighting directors, set designers, composers and musicians from all over the Atlantic region. Bliss hopes that, in the larger cities, the Atlantic Symphony could be associated with the company, too. "A live orchestra particularly inspires dancers," she says. "Most exciting for me are the prospects of new ballets, both choreography and music, created by Canadian artists."

Bliss lived in Nova Scotia as a child, and her parents, Jack and Zeversa Brayley, still live in Wallace, Cumberland County. Her brother, John Fenwick Brayley, is a staff sergeant with the RCMP in Halifax; aunts, uncles and cousins are scattered over the region. "We're in touch all of the time," Bliss says. "Tony and I spend our vacations at a cabin on Prince Edward Island."

Part of the legacy of her Canadian childhood is a love of hockey. The Blisses, including sons Mark, 13, and Tim, 11, attend most home games of the New York Rangers. "I see many similarities between ballet and hockey," Bliss

says, "particularly timing and a sense of presence."

Another part of the legacy is a frustration with the Canadian inferiority complex. "I'm tired of Canadians thinking that they are not the best," she says. "There is a great ballerina in Canada, Evelyn Hart, whom I do not hesitate to rank in the company of Natalia Makarova, Cynthia Gregory and Marcia Haydee or of Margot Fonteyn and Galina Ulanova at the beginning of their careers. Evelyn Hart is maturing exquisitely in her early 20s. She will soon be known everywhere. Yet it burns me to hear Canadians say deprecatingly of her and of Karen Kain, 'but they're Canadian.' The American dance public knows of Karen Kain."

If Bliss's ambition, hard work and, not least of all, the glittering orbit she moves in, contribute as much to the fledgling Atlantic ballet company as they have to her Joffrey II Dancers, the future looks bright for dance in the east. She has the reputation for using her contacts and power to benefit her dancers and she is fanatically loyal to them.

"I've heard it said that dancers disappoint the least, having fewer bad nights than opera singers and concert artists," says a colleague at Joffrey II. "That may be true, but it doesn't happen without a Sally Bliss in the wings."

— Robert Mottley



HELPING HIM DOESN'T HAVE TO MEAN TURNING YOUR BACK ON HER.

Some people only give financial support to the large, well-known charities. That's fine, but there are also a lot of small agencies providing vital aid to a lot of people. And United Way helps them do it. Because it helps not just the well-known causes, but those people you wouldn't turn your back on if you knew how much they really needed your help.

Thanks to you,
it works. For all of us.



United Way
Centrale

Booklets, Brochures and Films:

Could you use hints on how to protect your home and property against fire, vandalism and burglary? Want to have car and home insurance clearly explained? We send out brochures, loan films and, if you dial our local or toll-free number, very often we can give you an instant answer to a particular problem or question.



Insurance Bureau of Canada
Bureau d'assurance du Canada

Representing private insurance companies in Canada

Suite 1206, 1505 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S. B3J 3K5
Telephone: 429-2730 Toll free: 1-800-565-7189

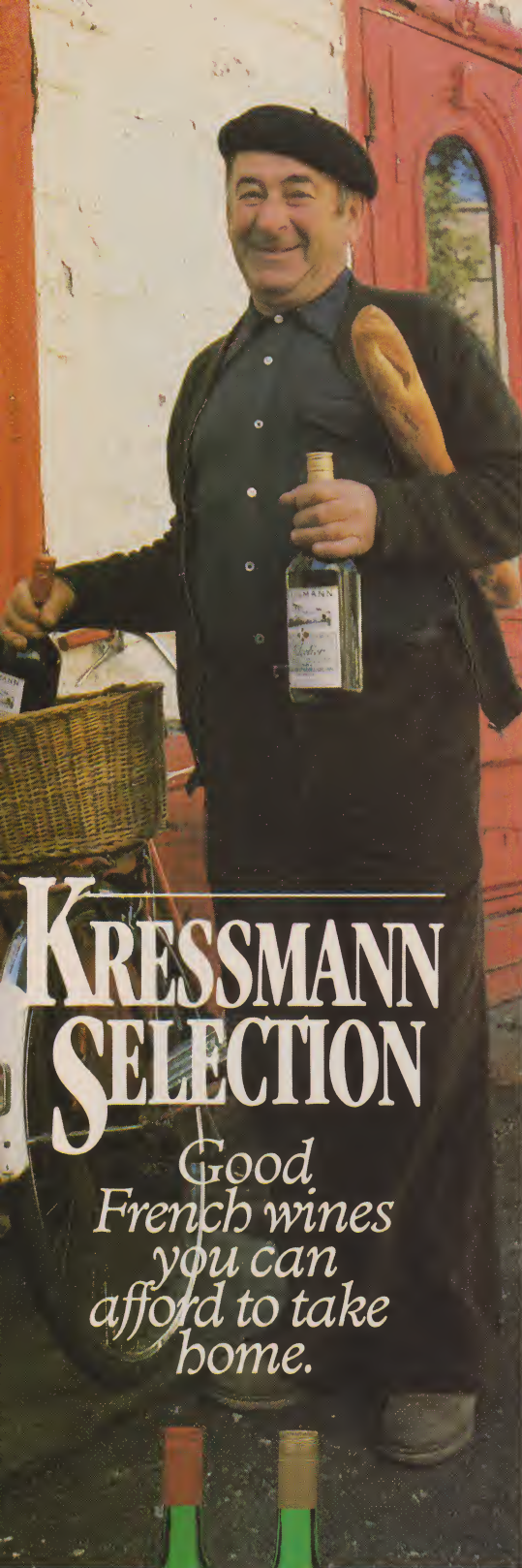
When it comes to Children's Studies the Mount doesn't kid around



Mount Saint Vincent University

166 Bedford Highway
Halifax
Nova Scotia
B3M 2J6
902 443-4450

The Mount's
Programs in early
childhood education.
The start of your future?



KRESSMANN SELECTION

Good
French wines
you can
afford to take
home.



HARRY FLEMMING'S COLUMN

Tenants outnumber landlords. Shouldn't they have more rights?

Our laws put curbs on rents. But they don't provide tenants with much security against the condominium boom

Twenty-five years ago, a landlord could do virtually as he wanted with his property. He had absolute authority to rent to whom he pleased; he could raise rents to any level he could command; he could turn out his tenants, without explanation, at the expiration of a lease, and with minor difficulty before the expiration of a lease. A man's home was his castle only if he held it in fee simple.

Much has changed. Human rights legislation makes it illegal for landlords to discriminate on grounds of race, creed or color. Controls make it necessary for most landlords to justify rent increases above a stated minimum. Tenants have acquired some protection against arbitrary termination of their leases.

Whether the scales have tipped too far in favor of tenants is a real question. Rent controls, in particular, are cited by landlords as a major reason for the drastic falloff in construction of new rental accommodation—at a time when the vacancy rate in most Canadian cities is well under 1%. They say, with justification, that there's no incentive to invest in rental properties when more profit may be made in easier ways—by buying Government of Canada bonds, for example. Although new construction is exempt from rent controls, controls have the effect of depressing the entire rental market.

Still, controls are likely to be with us for some time. Politics, if not economics, dictates it. There are many more tenants than landlords, and if politicians are adept at anything, it's counting heads. Nova Scotia, for example, has some 200,000 tenants—nearly 25% of the province's population—against only 6,000 landlords. Since rent controls were imposed in 1975 as the provinces' response to the federal government's now defunct anti-inflation program, only New Brunswick and Alberta have removed them. The former Conservative government in Manitoba softened controls, but the new NDP administration has promised to stiffen them up again. Other provincial governments which might be inclined to be dubious about the over-all effects of controls, no doubt have concluded that power should never be sacrificed on the altar of principle.

But if tenants benefit from rent controls, at least in the short run, landlords have their ways of getting around them. A chief weapon is converting rental units



to condominiums.

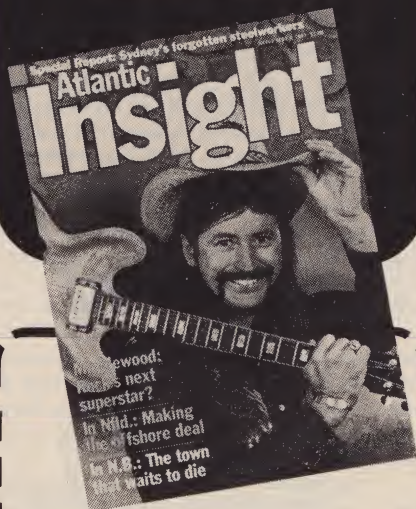
Last September, the owners of Embassy Towers on Spring Garden Road in Halifax told their tenants they had until Nov. 30 to buy their apartments or get out by the following May 30; otherwise, their units would be placed on the open market, in which there's no shortage of willing purchasers.

Erected in 1964, Embassy Towers is one of Halifax's better apartment buildings, catering for the most part to well-fixed middle-aged and old people, many of them on fixed incomes. It was sold about a year ago to United Equities Ltd., a company owned largely by medical doctors, for a reported \$4.7 million. At today's high interest rates and with controlled rents, the carrying charges alone may exceed the gross revenues from the 161-unit building. (United Equities won't disclose its finances, but, in addition to converting Embassy to condominiums, the company is seeking a 25% rent increase and higher parking fees.)

If Embassy looks like a sour rental proposition, it promises to be a sweet condominium deal. Embassy's tenants' association calculates that United Equities will make about \$10 million profit if all units are sold at the asking price (\$89,000 for a three-bedroom apartment).

Legally, the tenants haven't a leg to stand on. Nova Scotia's Condominium Act, devised with new construction not conversions in mind, demands only that the technical requirements of registration be met. Although by year-end one-third of Embassy's tenants had agreed to buy their apartments, many of the others were determined to fight. The tenants' association wants the provincial government to delay the conversion and place a three-year moratorium on conversion of any apartment building. It also wants "expanded and more adequate protec-

Do you know what's going on around here?



**Subscribe now to the
award-winning magazine
of Atlantic Canada**

Only \$17.00 per year (12 issues) in Canada. Two years: \$30.00. U.S.A. Territories & Possessions: \$25.00 per year. Overseas: \$30.00 per year. Newsstand price: \$24.00 per year.

NAME

ADDRESS

PROV

CODE

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

tion" for tenants of existing rental units and prospective purchasers of condominiums. The association got a sympathetic ear: The government appointed a task force of four cabinet ministers to examine the condominium legislation.

Embassy Towers is not an isolated case. Just a few blocks away is Coburg Place. Bought recently by a subsidiary of Atlantic Trust Company, Coburg Place is due for conversion this year. Like Embassy, it houses mostly older people, most of whom would have to liquidate savings to purchase their units; their alternative would be to seek other accommodation in a squeaky-tight market. Atlantic Trust president Joe Potter concedes that conversion to condominiums is "a socially disruptive thing," but notes that "it's a universal trend." Tenants at other nearby high-rises, such as Spring Garden Terrace and Park Victoria, fear that they'll be next to be caught by the trend.

Meanwhile, the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia recently struck another blow at tenants. Following a Supreme Court of Canada decision, the Nova Scotia court ruled that the province's Residential Tenancies Act "sought to withdraw historically entrenched and important judicial functions from the superior courts...and, accordingly, the legislation was *ultra vires*." The decision stripped the Residential Tenancies Board of its power to adjudicate disputes between landlords and tenants. Actually, it hurts landlords, too—the act provided them with a fast, free and informal method of getting rid of destructive tenants. On balance, however, by throwing landlord-tenant disputes back to the courts where lawyers are a practical necessity, the Supreme Court's judgment weighs most heavily against tenants. The provincial government is currently looking for ways to get around the decision.

Whatever measures Nova Scotia (and other provinces) may take to deal with condominiums and the emasculation of tenancies boards, a fundamental rethinking of the entire landlord-tenant relationship is needed. As our population ages, as marriage breakup increases, as land and building costs soar, as energy costs escalate, as the economy stagnates, the single-family home in the suburbs becomes an unwanted, unattainable dream. More and more of us will become tenants, and we will demand more rights. And, as the politicians know so well, there are more of *us* than there are of *them*.

J. Walter Thompson, chairman of the N.S. Residential Tenancies Board, thinks governments will be forced to enact "security of tenure" laws similar to those of the United Kingdom. That would mean, of course, more government interference with property rights. And security of tenure legislation would do nothing, to put it mildly, to get more apartments and other rental units built. But, rightly or wrongly, we can never return to the days when the emphasis in *landlord* was on the second syllable. ☒

Atlantic Canada's Meeting Centre

Halifax International
AIRPORT HOTEL

24 Hour Courtesy

Limousine Service

3 Minutes from Airport

To make arrangements
for your regional meeting,
call Peter Murphy,

**(902) 861-1860 or
Telex 019 22815**



AIRPORT HOTEL HALIFAX

117 Well appointed rooms, 15 minutes from
Metro. Indoor & outdoor pool & sauna.
Piano Bar Lounge, Dining Room, Coffee Shop.
Tel: (902) 861-1860 Telex 019-2281

If you really want to succeed, get an Impractical Education

Studies show that people who go furthest in their professions—even the very specialized and practical ones—are people who have a good overall background in the Arts and Sciences. That's because learning about a variety of subjects teaches you to think in a variety of ways; you're prepared to be flexible. And when things change as fast as they do today, flexibility is the most practical asset you can have.



Mount Saint Vincent University
166 Bedford Highway
Halifax
Nova Scotia
B3M 2J6
902 443-4450

**New ways of thinking
in Arts and Sciences**



**“the sharpest,
brightest picture
we have seen...”**

VIDEO MAGAZINE

The NOVABEAM™ Model One is the latest product from the world's leading designer of large-screen television, Henry Kloss.

It is the biggest, brightest, sharpest large-screen television available for home use today.

- Its screen is the largest available for a home television (6.5 feet, measured diagonally), over three times the size of most “one-piece” projection televisions.
- It projects over twice the amount of light available from any other home projection television. Its picture is much brighter than any other television its size.
- Its NOVATRON™ projection tubes use high-quality optics to produce a detailed, fuzz-free picture. Its special chassis provides 25% more lines of resolution than a conventional television.

Other important features of the NOVABEAM™ Model One include a wireless remote control, a high-performance audio system and a durable, washable screen.

Come in soon and see the wide-screen TV you've been waiting for. Kloss Video's NOVABEAM™ Model One.

Kloss Projection Colour Television

Available exclusively
in Atlantic Canada at

GLUBES
Sound
Studio

Dartmouth, N.S.
(902) 435-7780

February is N.I.C. month
at Glubes.

Purchase a Kloss
Projection T.V.
during this sale and
we pay the interest
for one year.

HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

She was only a farmer's daughter...

But, boy, could she ride the rails

Some people believe they have a right to get money their neighbors pay in taxes simply so they can stay in a town where they cannot find work. They apparently feel the shortage of local jobs is government's fault and it's therefore government's duty to look after anyone who loves his home town so much he wants to languish there for ever. I don't know when this pathetic idea began to take hold, but these days it's a rare politician who has the guts to fight it. I've heard it so often I was surprised no one lobbied not for workers' mobility in the Bill of Rights but rather for the inalienable right of every Canadian to get paid for staying home.

I'm not saying it's a fine thing to be homesick. After all, it was my own father, a Nova Scotia-born but Toronto-bound poet, who lamented, “A few homesick men, walking an alien street; a few women, remembering misty stars/ And the long grumbling sigh of the bay at night.” I'm not saying I like to see oceanside towns full of sad, elderly folk after all the young have gone. I'm not saying unemployment is solely the fault of the unemployed, or that they need only get off their arses to find jobs. What I am saying is this: Leaving home to find work is as honorable as it is sad, as adventurous as it is heartbreaking. I am also saying homesickness is as inevitable a part of the human condition as the facts of memory and pain. Ask any immigrant.

If she were still around, you could ask Jane MacKay Rutherford. She was a Nova Scotia Scot, a 20-year-old school-teacher who loved her home town, Scotsburn, and loved Pictou County, but decided to go out west anyway. That was in August, 1910. “There were no slacks, no shorts, no short skirts then, I can tell you,” she recalled 55 years later. “We were well covered, head to foot.” So she packed a trunkful of long dresses, skirts, black stockings and lacy, high-necked shirtwaists that buttoned up the back. Her hair was so long she could sit on her pigtailed, and she piled it up over “rats”—those were sausages of human hair—and anchored her big \$1.50 hat to the pile. Then she fastened the buttons on the sides of her boots, got her trunk into a horse-drawn cart, went to the nearest railway station and, with a bunch of other well-covered young teachers, she boarded a harvest excursion train for the Prairies.



Their car had no berths, nor even upholstery. They took along their own blankets and pillows, spread them on the slats of the wooden seats. They also took their own food. They boiled water for tea on a burner at one end of the car. When they got bored, they ambled down the string of cars, and “I had my first glimpse of many newcomers, with their strange languages and appearance. It sure wasn't like Scotsburn, where we were all Scottish except for the Fitzpatricks.” Some of the Pictou County teachers had mouth organs, one had a fiddle, and they could all sing. Thus, they made their merry, uncomfortable way through hostile country.

“‘Harvest excursion’ was a term that had a bad name en route to the west,” she recalled, “and Maritimers had a bad reputation. Carloads in other years had done desperate things, like tying a cow to the train or hauling a mower onto the tracks, and at some Ontario stops the excursioners would descend from the cars and loot the shops. I don't know that the Maritimers were always responsible, but they were certainly always *blamed*, and the villagers along the main line dreaded the arrival of the harvest excursion.... When we were at a stop in northern Ontario where a store had been looted in previous excursions, someone knocked on our windows and warned us about the ugly townspeople. ‘Don't get out! They've got guns and they're ready to shoot.’ So we stayed where we were.”

She spent her life in the west, married out there, raised a family. She undoubtedly suffered pangs of homesickness for Scotsburn all her life, and when she recorded her memories in her old age she proudly entitled them, “I Came from Pictou County. Recollections of a Prairie Bluenose.” But nowhere does she suggest

Continental Can Company



C.R. Daly

The appointment of Christopher R. Daly as Sales Manager for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland has been announced by Jean Quesnel, General Manager-Eastern Region.

A graduate of Concordia University, Montreal, Mr. Daly has had 18 years packaging industry experience with the Continental organization, mostly in Western Canada. Now based in Dartmouth, N.S., he is responsible for sales of metal containers, White Cap closures and crowns, reporting to Roney Audet, Manager of Eastern Regional Sales.

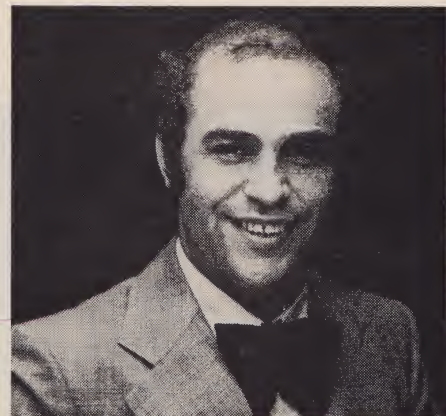
she felt bitter about the Nova Scotia economy's having exiled her from her dear homeland, or about government's failure to provide the handouts she'd need to stay home. For the truth was she didn't have to leave. Though Prairie schoolteachers' salaries were indeed more than double what she was getting at home, she could easily have earned a decent living in Nova Scotia. Moreover, when she left she hadn't even lined up a job out west. Jane MacKay Rutherford boarded the harvest excursion train because she had a sense of romance and a taste for adventure.

She had grown up with a father who read out loud to his kids. He was specially fond of the letters that Rev. George Roddick sent to a local newspaper. Roddick was a Pictou County boy who'd moved to Brandon, and "in all those letters there was a recurrent phrase: 'The Blue Hills of Brandon.' It appealed to me

**"Leaving home to
find work is as
honorable as it is
sad, as adventurous
as it is
heartbreaking....
Homesickness is as
inevitable a part of
the human condition
as the facts of
memory and pain.
Ask any immigrant"**

somehow. The Blue Hills of Brandon. It was Mr. Roddick's blue hills that drew me to the west long before I had any notion of going." She did not head out there to become a pioneer. "Goodness, no! I don't think we ever used such a word about ourselves in those days." She left because a strange phrase lingered in her head. She left because "everyone was doing it. It was the thing to do then—go west."

I'm not sure an equally crazy motive wasn't part of the reason that I abandoned my home town, Toronto, for Nova Scotia: It was the thing *not* to do in 1971—go east. But whatever my reasons, I've never regretted the move and, like Jane MacKay Rutherford, I'm happily determined to survive in a place that's a long way from where I was born and grew up. Leaving home is not necessarily bad; staying home is not necessarily good.



MARIO IS BACK

Mario welcomes you back to La Scala. For beautiful food and fine wines, impeccably served in an atmosphere of gracious hospitality. Reservations: 425-6087. La Scala, 1546 Dresden Row, in Halifax. Cards: Amex, Visa, MC.

**FULL COURSE DINNER SPECIAL
MON.-FRI. 5-7**

Choice of Appetizers, Main Courses, and Deserts, Coffee or Tea
Inquire for details.

a taste of Europe
La Scala

COOK YOUR MEALS WHILE YOU HEAT YOUR HOME.



Discover North America's fastest growing solid fuel phenomenon, the famous Oval cook-stove. It's airtight and eligible for the full \$800. "Off Oil" rebate (COSP). Write for Dealer nearest you.

For complete colour package send \$1.00

Name

Address

Code

8-1
22 Church St. W.
Elmira, Ontario
N3B 1M3
(519) 669-5103

**Elmira
Stove
Works**

**There's more
to Public
Relations
than a
smile
and a
handshake**



Mount Saint Vincent University

166 Bedford Highway
Halifax
Nova Scotia
B3M 2J6
902 443-4450

**The Mount's
Public Relations
Degree Program.
The start of your future?**



Williams: Testing a gallstone cure

DAVID NICHOLS

take the drug daily (by mouth) and watch what they eat—always. Gallstones can grow back.

They can also be prevented from forming in the first place. Obesity is the biggest risk factor. "The more overweight you are, the more the chance of stones," Williams says.

Williams has been researching gallstones for almost 10 years. After American researchers discovered a high prevalence of gallstones among the Pima Indians in the Southwestern U.S., Williams wondered how Canadian Indians compared. He launched a three-year, federally funded study on Micmac women near Shubenacadie, N.S., who showed a similar high prevalence of gallstones. The study led to more research.

Because of biological differences, women develop gallstones three to six times more frequently than men. Oral contraceptives and childbearing seem to increase the risk, which peaks between the ages of 30 and 39. "The more children you have," Williams says, "the greater the chance of having stones." But maintaining an ideal weight and a healthy diet reduces the risk. When he studied the diet of N.S. women, he found it especially poor among Micmacs: High in refined carbohydrates, low in protein. Caucasian women who lived in rural Shubenacadie consumed more protein and high-fibre than their Micmac neighbors. Among the Caucasian women, 167 out of 1,000 had gallstones, compared with 211 per 1,000 among the Micmacs. Most of the women with gallstones were fat.

The effect of refined carbohydrates on the body is like that of city driving on a car: The body gets clogged up. In a 10-day study in Halifax-Dartmouth, cholesterol levels in the bile increased in women placed on high-refined-carbohydrate diets. The high-protein participants showed lower levels. (Cholesterol in the bile was tested before and after the diet.) "High cholesterol in the bile," Williams says, "predisposes you to forming gallstones." Modifying the diet brings the bile cholesterol back to normal.

The gallbladder, a small, pear-shaped organ between the liver and stomach, stores bile. Because bile moves in and out to digest food during the day, it's believed that gallstones grow at night when bile stays in the gallbladder. The bile in the gallbladder becomes more saturated with cholesterol the longer the body is without food. "More women miss breakfast," Williams says. "That increases the risk."

Although treating many gallstone cases should get easier with chenodeoxycholic acid, fewer people may need the drug in future. A combination of exercise—which Williams says seems to decrease bile cholesterol—weight control and balanced eating seems to be the best defence.

— Roma Senn

Goodbye to gallstones—without surgery

The latest cure for gallstones is a drug that dissolves them. A Halifax specialist who's testing the drug says it works—but prevention is a better idea. Don't get fat

At first, Doris Mitchell thought the sharp pain was coming from her heart. Later, she discovered that she—like thousands of other Canadians—had gallstones, a painful condition that often requires an operation to remove the stones or the gallbladder. Mitchell couldn't undergo surgery because of her heart ailment. Instead, she began a new, high-fibre diet and a new drug. "After a month," she says, "I felt good." Today, two years after the diagnosis, her gallbladder pain is gone. So are the gallstones. They've dissolved.

Mitchell, who lives in Halifax, was one of the first gallbladder patients in the Atlantic region to try a drug called chenodeoxycholic acid as an alternative to surgery. The drug is still at the experimental stage, undergoing clinical tests in Halifax and other centres outside the region. So far, Dr. Noel Williams, a Halifax gastroenterologist and gallstone researcher at Dalhousie University, has successfully dissolved gallstones in about 60 patients. Some weren't able to have surgery because of heart or lung problems. He's the only doctor in the region using chenodeoxycholic acid, a substance similar to body-produced chemicals.

Three physicians at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., discovered its ability to dissolve gallstones in 1969, and it's been on the market in West Germany since 1974. It's now widely used in Europe, and the Canadian government is expected to approve it for general distribution within two years.

Not everybody afflicted with gallbladder trouble shows any symptoms, but doctors do know that gallstones are a common ailment in Canada. They're less common among populations that consume fewer refined carbohydrates (such as sugar and white flour). Doctors perform about 80,000 operations for gallstones every year in Canada, and nearly 500 a year at Halifax's Victoria General Hospital, the largest hospital in the region.

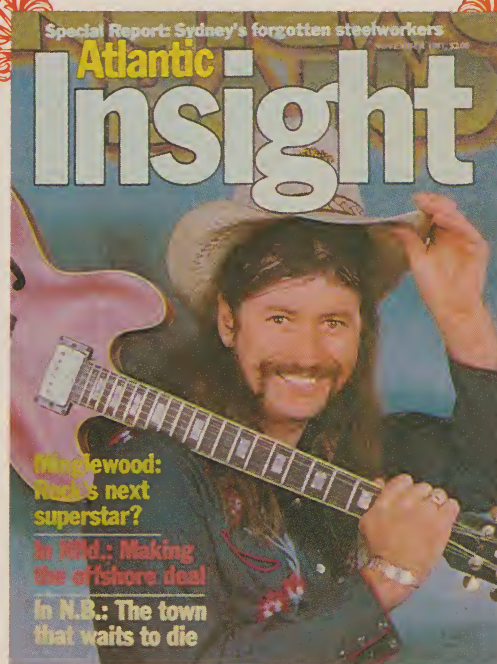
The new drug won't wipe out all those operations, because it's not suitable for everybody. It dissolves only cholesterol stones—the most common kind—and only stones located in the gallbladder. Mitchell stayed on the medication for only six months, but some patients must continue it for up to two years: Some stones take longer to dissolve than others. Like diabetics, patients must



Valentine's Day 1982

This year, give your Valentine a thoughtful gift. Less fattening than a box of chocolates (but does have assorted centres), lasts longer than a bunch of flowers (but is just as colorful), and a whole lot cheaper than gold and diamonds. A Valentine gift that carries your message home twelve times through the year. All this for less than the price of a flacon of some exotic perfume.

So who says romance is dead?



People love
Atlantic Insight —
more than just
a news magazine

CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

Feb.—McCain Maritime Cup, New Brunswick Hawks play—Feb. 6, Nova Scotia; Feb. 10, 24, 27, Fredericton, The Coliseum, Moncton

Feb.—McCain Maritime Cup, Fredericton Express plays—Feb. 9, 28, New Brunswick; Feb. 13, Nova Scotia, Aitken Centre, Fredericton

Feb.—New Brunswick Hawks play—Feb. 3, Binghamton; Feb. 6, Nova Scotia; Feb. 10, 24, 27, Fredericton; Feb. 14, Erie; Feb. 17, Maine, The Coliseum, Moncton

Feb.—Theatre New Brunswick presents "Murder Game," a chilling whodunit by N.B. novelist Dan Ross, Feb. 1, Edmundston; Feb. 2, Campbellton; Feb. 3, Bathurst; Feb. 4, Chatham; Feb. 5-8, Moncton; Feb. 9, Sussex; Feb. 10-12, Saint John; Feb. 13, St. Stephen

Feb. 1-20—Craft Invitational: An old-money exhibit, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

Feb. 4-7—Old-timers Hockey Tournament, The Coliseum, Moncton

Feb. 8—Grand Match Curling: Women, men, mixed (outdoors), Mactaquac Park

Feb. 10-14—Riverview Carnival

Feb. 11-14—Friendship Carnival, Dieppe

Feb. 13, 14—N.B. Cup Number 3, (Alpine skiing) Poley Mountain, Sussex (For ski conditions at any N.B. ski hill, call toll-free 1-800-561-0123.)

Feb. 14-March 17—Pegi Nicol MacLeod Retrospective, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Feb. 18-21—N.B. Men's Senior Championship, Moncton Curling Club

Feb. 20-March 21—Sport of Curling Exhibit, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Feb. 21-26—"Fiddlehead Faces": Pencil portraits by Marjory Donaldson, City Hall, Saint John

Feb. 25-March 31—The War of 1812: A pictorial account by 19th-century artists, Moncton Museum

NOVA SCOTIA

Feb.—Theatre Antigonish and the Stephenville Festival present "Tennessee and Me," Feb. 8-13, Halifax; Feb. 17, Trenton; Feb. 18, Port Hood; Feb. 19, Port Hawkesbury

Feb.—Nova Scotia Voyageurs play—Feb. 2, Rochester; Feb. 4, Binghamton; Feb. 7, 12, Moncton; Feb. 14, Fredericton; Feb. 16, 19, Erie; Feb. 21, Maine, Metro Centre, Halifax

Feb.—Roy Mandell: Artist, Feb. 1-12, Bloomfield Centre, Antigonish; Feb. 22-March 26, DesBrisay Museum, Bridgewater

Feb.—McCain Maritime Cup, Nova Scotia Voyageurs play—Feb. 7, 12, New Brunswick; Feb. 14, Fredericton, Metro Centre, Halifax

Feb. 1-14—George Walford: Below the Cape, Pictou-Antigonish Regional Library, New Glasgow

Feb. 1-28—Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen: Profile '81, a selection of fine, juried crafts, College of Cape Breton Art Gallery, Sydney

Feb. 4-March 5—Joe Sleep, 1914-1978, Lunenburg Art Gallery

Feb. 8, 9—Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, featuring soprano Christine Harvey, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Feb. 11-13—Seaweed's Big Winter Show, Dartmouth High School

Feb. 12-March 14—A Norwegian Pathfinder in Glass: Benny Motzfeldt, Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, Halifax

Feb. 18-March 7—28th Annual Dalhousie Student, Staff, Faculty and Alumni Exhibition, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Feb. 18-March 21—Norman Laliberté: A banner show, Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax

Feb. 19, 20—Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, featuring entertainer Rolf Harris and guest conductor Barry Booth, Dalhousie Arts Centre

Feb. 20, 21—A Canadian Hostelling Association-sponsored ski trip to Kejimikujik National Park, registration at the Trail Shop, Halifax

Feb. 22-27—Nova Scotia Kiwanis Music Festival, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Feb. 26-March 21—Neptune Theatre presents "Ever-loving," a bittersweet portrayal of three Second World War war-brides in Canada, Halifax

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Feb. 1-28—Summerside Collects: An exhibit of furniture, depression glass, numismatics and philatelics collected from local residents, Eptek Centre, Summerside

Feb. 11-March 7—Ghitta Caiserman-Roth Retrospective, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Feb. 14—Musicians' Gallery Sunday Concert Series presents pianist Monica Gaylord, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Feb. 17-March 14—Alex Colville: War Artist, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Feb. 24-27—Confederation Centre's Community Theatre Department presents "The Music Man," Confederation Centre

NEWFOUNDLAND

Feb.—Theatre Antigonish and the Stephenville Festival present "Tennessee and Me," Feb. 22, Stephenville; Feb. 23, Corner Brook; Feb. 24, Grand Falls; Feb. 25, Gander; Feb. 26, Labrador City; Feb. 27, Goose Bay

Feb.—Resource Centre For the Arts presents "The Newfoundland Tempest," a 1700s Newfoundland-set production of Shakespeare's greatest romance, Feb. 10-14, LSPU Hall, Feb. 18, 19, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's; Feb. 23, Gander; Feb. 24, Grand Falls; Feb. 26, Stephenville; Feb. 27, Corner Brook

Feb.—Piano Recital by Maureen Volk, Feb. 1, Gander; Feb. 2, Grand Falls; Feb. 3, Corner Brook; Feb. 4, Stephenville; Arts and Culture Centres

Feb. 1-March 29—Dinosaurs: An exhibit of prehistoric creatures, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

Feb. 4-6—The Mimmers Troupe presents "Makin' Time With the Yanks," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Feb. 11-13—Theatre production of "Juno and the Paycock," by Sean O'Casey, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Feb. 15-17—St. Martin's concert, Arts and Culture Centre, Gander

Feb. 18-28—Solo theatre production of "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," LSPU Hall, St. John's

Feb. 19-29—Winter Carnival, Corner Brook

Feb. 23-March 7—Kiwanis Music Festival, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's





Barry W. Ritcey



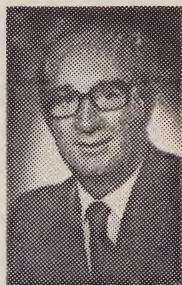
Marc G. Fortier



Roy M. Walters



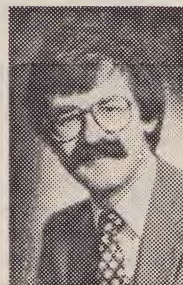
Louis H. Chauvette



Alexander Sloan



Réal Mireault



André Lizotte

Benoit Baribeau, President and Chief Executive Officer of Trans Québec & Maritimes, is pleased to confirm the following appointments: Barry W. Ritcey, Vice President, Operations; Marc G. Fortier, Vice President, Legal and Regulatory Affairs; Roy M. Walters, Vice President, Engineering; Louis H. Chauvette, Vice President, Administration; Alexander Sloan, Vice President, Construction; Réal Mireault, Director, Labor Relations; and André Lizotte, Director, Corporate Communications.

Mr. Ritcey has served TransCanada PipeLines Limited and its subsidiary, International Pipeline Engineering Ltd., in many capacities. As well, immediately prior to joining TQM, he was Senior Consultant to the Executive Director of the Danish Oil and Natural Gas Company in Copenhagen, Denmark.

Mr. Fortier was Vice President, General Counsel, and Corporate Secretary of Gaz Métropolitain, inc., before joining the TransCanada PipeLines project in Montréal in 1979.

Mr. Walters has extensive experience in the oil and natural gas pipeline industry. He previously worked for NOVA, AN ALBERTA CORPORATION, and its subsidiary Q & M Pipe Lines Ltd.

Mr. Chauvette was Treasurer and Vice President, Finance and Administration, for Asselin, Benoît, Ducharme, Lapointe, inc., and Tecsalt International Ltd., and for all companies affiliated with this group of engineering consultants.

Mr. Sloan has extensive experience in the oil and natural gas pipeline industry, including 30 years with Bechtel Canada.

Mr. Mireault was successively Deputy Minister of Labor of Québec, Chairman of the Québec Construction Office, and Chairman of Québec's Advisory Council on Labor and Manpower.

Mr. Lizotte was previously in charge of the Public Affairs Department of the Montréal office of TransCanada PipeLines.

Trans Québec & Maritimes was founded in April 1980 to build and operate the transcanadian pipeline extension from Montréal to the Maritimes. The Company has its head office in Montréal and regional offices in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Fredericton, New Brunswick.

People like Moira are one in a million.



Moira Kurm is just one of the million Canadians suffering from kidney disease and its related disorders.

And she's been through it all. Powerful drugs. 13 years on an artificial kidney machine. Even a kidney transplant which, unfortunately, was rejected by her body.

Today, this gutsy 14 year old's chances for survival depend upon a bag around her waist which she has to change 4 times a day. And you.

Help the Kidney Foundation find a real cure for Moira.

Give generously. For a million reasons.

Help fight kidney disease.



Give to the Kidney Foundation of Canada.

The new election act: Squabbling among the pols and a ho-hum from the public

Premier Brian Peckford boasts that it will get more people involved in elections by lightening the financial burden. Ex-Liberal leader Ed Roberts calls it "a sham and a charade" while fledgling New Democratic leader Peter Fenwick worries that it could make things tougher for a small party like his. What all three are talking about—and disagreeing on—is Newfoundland's proposed new election act that would partly reimburse candidates for campaign expenses and limit corporate, union and individual contributions to parties and candidates.

A five-member bipartisan committee is holding public hearings on the 177-page draft document which closely follows legislation enacted in Ontario in 1975. But, says committee chairman John Carter, "we're also looking at the Saskatchewan legislation. They have an NDP government, and that's about as far left as you're going to go. Moderate should be the keynote, I think." Modera-

tion may be a tough line to stick to in light of Premier Peckford's promise of "sweeping new changes" but Carter seems determined. "Rather than try to hobble your wealthy candidate," he says, "perhaps something could be done to make the average candidate better known. Perhaps their photographs could be printed several times in the local papers—the government could certainly do that. This is the direction our thinking is going in."

So far, the draft legislation shows no signs of hobbling either wealthy candidates or wealthy parties. Unlike the federal Election Expenses Act, it sets no limit on district spending. Neither does the Ontario act and, Ed Roberts points out, "I think it's a matter of record that in Ontario in the last provincial election, in one constituency at least, one party spent over \$100,000. It's a weakness so glaring as to put in question the whole purpose of the bill."

The NDP's Fenwick also predicts

that one result of the act would be to start a rush by the two major parties to hit up major donors before the limitations come into effect, probably later this year. (The restrictions won't apply to existing party trust funds or to funds raised within 30 days of the bill's proclamation.)

"That's what happened in Ontario when similar legislation came in," he claims. "The Tories went out and knocked on doors and said 'We want a really big chunk now.' Our guess is that the Ontario Tories picked up six or seven million" before Ontario's election expenses act came into force. Fenwick is also unhappy about the bill's provision that a candidate will have to get 20% of the popular vote to qualify for the reimbursement subsidy—a requirement which could hit hard at the NDP with its chronically poor showing in Newfoundland provincial elections.

What the bill would do is force parties to spread their solicitations for

**Halifax ... Moscow ... London ...
Dartmouth ... Washington ...
Bangkok ... Ottawa ...
Frobisher Bay ... Antigonish ...**

*chns reports 31 times a day,
or whenever news breaks out*

Keep in touch!

**chns⁹⁶
chns
chns** Newsradio
Nova Scotia



Brian Peckford: Promises "sweeping new changes"

funds around, rather than relying on the generosity of traditional supporters. No individual, corporation or labor union could contribute more than \$10,000 a year to each party. If part of the amount were given directly to a district party association rather than to party headquarters, the most a single association could receive would be \$1,000. Names of

donors would have to be disclosed to the provincial chief electoral officer.

The arrangement is a bit less restrictive than it seems: During a campaign, a donor could give an additional amount of up to \$10,000 to a party plus up to \$1,000 each to individual candidates, as long as the total given to candidates of a given party doesn't top \$5,000.

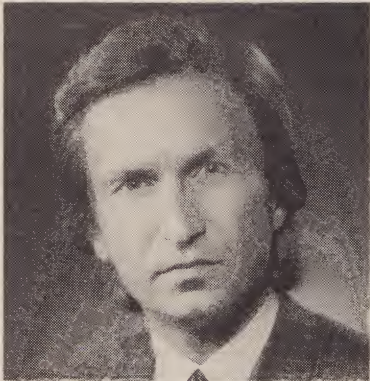
No person, corporation or union could donate funds not belonging to it—a provision aimed at eliminating the practice of individuals or groups acting as "funnels" for donors who don't want their names known or who have exceeded their quota of donations. Names of people or companies who donate less than \$100 don't have to be disclosed.

Any candidate who gets at least one-fifth of the votes cast in a constituency can recover either his or her campaign expenses, as audited and submitted to the chief electoral officer, or an amount equal to 50 cents for each of the first 5,000 voters in the district and 30 cents for each additional voter, whichever is less. Fenwick of the NDP would like the requirement dropped to 15% of the popular vote or even lower. He's unhappy about the auditing requirement for recovering campaign expenses. "If we have to spend two or three hundred dollars getting the contributions in each district audited, that's a major expense for a small party like ours," he says.

John Carter admits the draft is a rough one and that his committee has "30 or 40 concerns" with it. His biggest concern these days seems to be getting anyone to pay attention to the committee hearings. "We want to hear what people and groups have to say," he says, "but so far response has been very poor." Newfoundlanders, it appears, are just as happy to leave the squabbling to the politicians.

— Randy Joyce

Continental Can Company



R.P. Audet

The appointment of Roney Audet as Manager of Eastern Regional Sales, Continental Can Company of Canada, has been announced by Jean Quesnel, General Manager-Eastern Region.

Mr. Audet is based in Montreal and now has senior responsibilities for sales of metal cans, White Cap closures and crowns in Quebec, the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland.

Mr. Audet holds a Master of Business Administration degree from Concordia University. Prior to joining Continental Can Company he had 15 years marketing experience, including senior marketing management responsibilities in the packaging industry.

Continental Can Company of Canada is a division of The Continental Group of Canada Ltd. It produces metal containers and closures in eleven plants across the country.

Black Tower is the imported white wine that's easy to ask for. Its light, refreshing taste is preferred by many people. And since good company shares similar tastes, Black Tower is found more and more in the company of friends.

Good company shares similar tastes.



Black Tower. Imported white wine from Kendermann.

Our old friends, the Plouffes, make a stunning TV comeback

Under Gilles Carle's direction, the Plouffes have improved with age. Unfortunately, the CBC hasn't. Its use of English dubbing flaws an otherwise fine series

By Martin Knelman

To prepare myself for the CBC's new television mini-series about our old friends, the Plouffe family, I thought it might be amusing to have a look at the original half-hour show, which made its TV debut in 1953. Roger Lemelin's adaptation of his own popular novel about a typical French Catholic family living in Quebec City had already been turned into a successful radio series, and when the show made the transition to TV, Lemelin personally turned up in our living rooms to announce a startling experiment in electronic bilingualism.

Every week, on live national television, the French-Canadian actors would repeat in English exactly what they had done the previous day in French on the Radio Canada network. Now here was something truly unprecedented in the history of Canadian culture.

Then we were introduced to the Plouffes themselves. Mama Plouffe was in the kitchen singing a little *chanson* while rolling dough for her pies. Papa Plouffe, with his broken bike, was reminiscing about his glory days as a provincial bike champion of 1910. We learned that Joe, the youngest of the three Plouffe boys, was in training, and that the oldest brother, Napoléon, had the responsibility for keeping Joe away from girls, so he could make the NHL. We also learned that Cécile, their sister, was stalling her boyfriend, a bus driver, and was in no rush to marry him, despite her mother's warnings that she would lose him.

The TV show wasn't exactly a sitcom, and it wasn't exactly a soap. No one will ever be able to measure its impact on the minds of English Canadians, but it had a vast captive audience (in most parts of the country people watched either the CBC or nothing), and for children in Saskatoon or Halifax, this may have been as close as they were ever going to get to the reality of knowing a French-Canadian family.

Yet however warmly the Plouffes were received, what this program represented was already finished. The TV show, after all, seemed to be promoting exactly the stereotype that the enlightened prophets of the impending Quiet Revolution felt they had to fight against if they were ever going to bring Quebec society into the 20th century.

Long before the weekly half-hour series left the air in 1959 (the year Duplessis died), the parochial, reactionary, church-dominated mentality it cheerfully chronicled had become an embarrassment.

It's a measure of the success Quebec radicals had in the Sixties and Seventies that the Plouffe family no longer seems counter-revolutionary. Now we see these characters as figures of folklore from a period that has at long last receded into the past. With Duplessis being resurrected as a folk hero and the Plouffes slipping back into the CBC schedule, it might be tempting to conclude that things have come full circle.

But this isn't the same family saga as the one that became so familiar in the Fifties. It is not so much the characters that have changed as the ways in which we are invited to perceive them.

This new version came out as a feature film last year and is now running on the CBC as a serial in six hour-long segments on Sunday evenings. The television version—six hours, including commercial breaks—is a leisurely, filled-in family chronicle, with material that wasn't seen in any of the movie versions. The problem with the series on the English-language network is not its length but the insipid English dubbing. Stripped of the rich nuances they express in their own language, the Plouffes become merely the Waltons *manqués*.

The loss is ours, and it is tragic, because it robs the large anglophone audience of a chance to experience the full impact of highly rewarding production. The director, Gilles Carle, is one of Quebec's most distinctive, and most prolific, directors, and he has made *Les Plouffe* into his greatest triumph in a decade.

Collaborating on the screenplay with Lemelin, Carle has managed to transform what could have been tired leftovers into a series of stunning tableaux aglow with social history and emotional resonance.

Superficially, the characters are the same ones we may remember from the old TV series, but the portraits are filled in now, and we get to see all the disturbing details that had to be left out before. The Plouffes are no longer the happy-go-lucky dummies they once seemed. Théophile, the father (played by Emile Genest, who used to play his oldest son, Napoléon,

on TV), sits in his chair grumbling about royal visits and conscription, and we can see the subtext of discontent so long concealed behind the smiling-faces stereotype.

When Napoléon refuses to give up his girlfriend even when she goes into a sanatorium, when Ovide (Gabriel Arcand) discovers that he's as ill-suited for the monastic world as he is for the secular world, when Guillaume (Serge Dupire) signs with the Cincinnati Reds but finds that he's destined to throw grenades in Europe instead of baseballs in America—well, these are not the elements of TV sitcom blandness.

Many things are marvellous in this sprawling saga: The tumult in the streets when Guillaume Plouffe interrupts the procession of the royal limousine by throwing a baseball across the street; the comic pathos of the scene in which Ovide presents his own mini-opera, *Pagliacci*, in the Plouffe living room and suffers a deep humiliation; the seething-with-repressed-sexuality of the monastery which Ovide tries to enter, and from which eventually he is driven; the rich ironies of a religious procession punctuated by the cry of a priest, "Sacred Heart of Jesus, save our sons from conscription."

We get drawn into the family chronicle in the same way we got drawn into the family chronicle in the *Godfather* movies. Carle is never condescending toward his characters. He never seems to be saying to the audience, "Isn't it cute and adorable how backward these typical French Canadians used to be?"

Once we enter the terrain of the Plouffe family, we take it on its own terms. We begin to see the world through their eyes. Understanding their loyalties to parish, family and tradition, and their fears of sexuality, modernism and the anglophone North American giant surrounding them, we come to share the anguish and the poignance of their unwilling break with their own past.

The CBC could perform an invaluable service to the country by bringing the best Canadian movies to a large audience in as unadulterated a form as possible. Originally *Les Plouffe* was to have been produced simultaneously in two languages (just like the original TV show) but there wasn't enough money to do it.

If *Les Plouffe* had to be made in French only, I think the CBC should have had the courage to show it with subtitles. At the very least, a dubbed version with some French accents and the voices of the original actors would have been far preferable.

When we're forced to get Mama Plouffe through the uncredited but unmistakable voice of Barbara Hamilton, we really do have to ask ourselves: Is there *nothing* sacred left in this country?



MARKETPLACE

GENERAL

AMERICAN, CANADIAN, UNITED KINGDOM correspondence club. For membership details write: Letterstream, P.O. Box 2535, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202-2535, U.S.A.

CREATIVE? Would you enjoy demonstrating needlecrafts? Fun and profitable. Contact: Mrs. D. Tremble, 98 Glengrove Road, Moncton, New Brunswick E1A 5X5 (506) 382-9793

CULTURAL SUMMER VACATION in Atlantic Canada. Four weeklong programs in Sackville, Corner Brook, Antigonish, Charlottetown. History, art, culture of Atlantic provinces with lectures, excursions, reasonable university accommodation. Enquiries: ACI-AI, UNB Art Centre, Box 4400, Fredericton, New Brunswick E3B 5A3

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE: Winterized, electrically heated three bedroom cottage guest house, workshop, on shore near Shediac Yacht Club. E. Snow, 1 Churchill Gardens, Fredericton, New Brunswick E3B 1R1

BOOKS

GRAMMA'S RHYMES OF THE MARITIMES: A delightful new children's book. Twenty-four pages of original nursery rhymes by "Gramma" Brenda Parsons, illustrated in bright colors by Kathy Balser. "Attractive...imaginative," *The Telegraph Journal*. "A sparkling new entry into children's literature." *The Moncton Transcript*. \$5.50 ppd. Gramma's Baby Boutique, 12 Woodland Drive, Moncton, New Brunswick E1E 3B9

THE MONCTONIANS by J.E. Belliveau. Read about the rise and fall of family fortunes, the changing character from a rough and often rowdy settlement to a sedate and flourishing town and city. Quality paperback, only \$10.00. At bookstores or write Lancelot Press, Box 425, Hantsport, N.S. B3H 1Z4

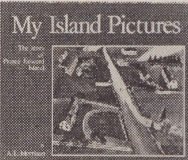


100% WOOL

Cape Breton Woolen Mills Ltd.

"Manufacturers of Irish Cove Yarns"

RR # 1, Irish Cove
Cape Breton, N.S. B0A 1H0
(902) 828-2776



MY ISLAND PICTURES:

The Story of
Prince Edward Island
by A.L. Morrison

First Island book ever reviewed
in the *Globe and Mail*.

Text presents 35 full color
reproductions complemented by
a brief historical account.

Casebound \$19.95 — Paperback \$10.95
Add \$1.00 for postage and handling

Send certified cheque or money order to:
Zea-Can Industries, P.O. Box 95
Bedford, N.S. B4A 2X1

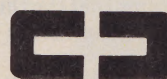
THE SUNDANCE SALOON

Your Western Saloon
in ST. JOHN'S

— Serving the Finest Steaks
This Side of Calgary

Corner of George Street and Adelaide Street
St. John's, Newfoundland
Telephone (709) 753-7822

Open: High Noon — 1 A.M.
Fri. & Sat. High Noon — 2 A.M.
Sunday 2 P.M. — Midnight



O'HALLORAN
CAMPBELL
consultants limited

1730 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N.S. B3J 1X5
CIVIL ENGINEERING CONSULTANTS

- PLANNING AND DESIGN FOR PORT FACILITIES
- MARINE STRUCTURES, WHARVES
- SHORE PROTECTION, COASTAL ENGINEERING
- WHARF INSPECTIONS, DESIGN OF REPAIRS
- BRIDGES, FOUNDATIONS, STRUCTURAL DESIGN
- SITE PREPARATION, LANDFILL, DRAINAGE

(902) 429-9826

Only \$1.00 per word Marketplace Order Form

To: Atlantic Insight, Marketplace,
6088 Coburg Road, Halifax,
Nova Scotia, B3H 1Z4 (902) 423-7365

My ad is words (\$1 per word, minimum 10 words). Name, address. \$5.00 flat rate. Please run times. Total Cost \$ (Must be included with order.) Copy deadline six weeks prior to month of issue. Inquire about special rates for display.

COPY (Please type or print clearly)

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

Name

Address

.....

Telephone

I agree to offer a money-back guarantee respecting goods or services offered above.

Your ad could reach 200,000 readers.

Let's stand on guard for those delightfully disgusting TV ads

Can anything that may bring us Teddy the Talking Tampon be all bad?

My favorite TV commercial lately is the one in which a hemorrhoid sufferer is asked to try a certain brand of pile salve and then to hop aboard a sort of mechanical bull. Terror and hope flicker across the chap's face in such exquisite proportions that the thing is always a joy and an inspiration to watch.

Those of us who enjoy the commercials more than the programs should be concerned. Anti-commercialists are becoming more strident in their clamor for a ban. How dreary the evenings would then be.

No more of Robert Young's Joe Clark laugh after he's snuck up on the raddled broad in the antique shop, causing her to jump out of her Monday undies, then to be asked, "Why so tense, Sue?" No more drycleaned "Indians" prancing about in Disneyland bushes, chanting praise to the great god, Ma-Zo-La, ruler of corn goodness. No more of those astonishing latex ladies who shriek at each other about the virtues of various aids to personal daintiness. They can speak with their top teeth perpetually bared and their eyes stretched wide in maniacal glee—a technique patented by the late Miss "Two-Ton" Tessie O'Shea.

We'll lose all this if we're not careful. Canada already lags behind the States in good TV commercials. The only good commercial is a thoroughly disgusting commercial. So bad that it lifts you out of yourself. Our appreciation for Knowlton Nash, for instance, might soar if he was interrupted now and then on behalf of unguents to counter bodily stench. Look what they did for Walter Cronkite.

We should be thankful that the Americans are as concerned about stopping bad breath as they are about halting communism. Democracy and people who smell like anything but people are the great twin goals. Carter and lemons prevailed for a while but with Reagan came herbal or, as they say, 'erbal. Erbal shampoo, erbal foot powder, erbal deodorant. Life without erbal would be 'orrible. Acid rain would be small stuff. It seems entirely due to their TV commercials that we don't live downwind of 200 million people who stink like billygoats after a summer thundersquall.

In Newfoundland, we still don't get the full range of U.S. television. Until we do, the pile salve ad is not likely to be topped. But there is a rumor that the U.S. has a talking tampon ready for

export. Or, as they say, *tame-pawn*. Teddy, the Talking Erbal Tame-Pawn may bear a passing resemblance to the Pillsbury "Doughboy," I should think, and will be delightfully disgusting.

It's beer and snowmobiles that edge out stench-stoppers in Canada. These, too, can be fascinatingly wretched. Frantic gangs of what seem to be 14-year-olds cavort and wallow in the suds. These juiced-up children could be the

"It seems entirely due to their TV commercials that we don't live downwind of 200 million people who stink like billygoats after a summer thundersquall "

same ones who hurtle snow machines across chasms and through the back yards of pacemaker pensioners.

Watching drecky TV commercials is a great thrill, but acting in them must be an even greater. So far, I've had only two offers, both in beer. One was a secondary non-belching role on behalf of a local brand, and I held out for something better. Then came a call from a Toronto ad agency, which wanted to hear how I



sounded, or would sound, on behalf of Budweiser beer when it came to the Happy Province. Months have passed and I haven't called them, and they haven't called me. Accents here are tricky. If they're authentic, they can't be understood on the upper mainland, but if they're faked, they sound here like Norwegians doing "Irish Spring."

For all I've done, it looks like there's not a "Bud" for me, but I live in hope. Sooner or later, I'll get my big break in TV commercials, and it needn't be beer. I've had the missus knock me together a Teddy, the Talking Erbal Tame-Pawn, suit just in case.

Perfectly typecast for the role, some would say. Fie on such petty-minded envy. What Lord Olivier did for the instant camera and Lillian Hellman for the black mink might not I do for Teddy the Wassaname? People have got the Canada Medal for less. Of course, there are depths of commercial tastelessness to which I would never descend. Hemorrhoids are my bottom line.

Should the ad lads approach me waving large cheques in return for my hopping on racing bicycles or sliding down banisters, I would tell them to run along, the fraudulent hucksters. My integrity being what it is, I could never do such a commercial without an actual pain in the requisite place. Besides, I'd much rather continue just being one. ☒

FEEDBACK

Best wishes from Ontario

I would like to submit my best wishes for future success with your magazine. It is very well written and edited. And, as many other readers have stated already, it is the only magazine I read from cover to cover. I may be from Ontario, and have to read about all this mainland hatred (*Curse Hibernia! It Killed the Good Old Poverty Scam*, Ray Guy's Column, November), but I still enjoy the unique looks at Canada you present. Perhaps one day, we as Canadians will live in harmony. But then, what in the world would we write about?

K.J. Miller
Ottawa, Ont.

Black Velvet.
Now aged longer to taste even smoother.



At Avis we try harder. **YOUR RESERVED CAR IS READY OR WE PAY!**



CHEVROLET CAVALIER

Avis features GM cars and trucks.

Any car rental company will reserve you a car.

Only Avis tries harder to get you where you're going.

We have a world-wide reservation system that's remarkably efficient at making sure your Avis car is ready when you need it—at competitive rates you can afford. But in the unlikely event that we don't have the class of car you reserved, we'll upgrade your class of car for the same price. And if a replacement isn't available we'll try to get you a car from the competition.

In fact, if we can't get you on your way within an hour of your arrival at the counter we'll give

you a \$50 voucher* towards your next Avis rental. That's right, \$50. No other car rental company makes this offer. That's because at Avis trying harder isn't just a slogan. It's a guarantee.

*Voucher available in, and for use in Canada only, and only on confirmed reservations. Customer must appear at counter within 3 hours after specified reservation time.

Avis and "We try harder" are registered trademarks of Avis Rent A Car System Inc.

AVIS

**We try harder.
We guarantee it.**

For Reservations, contact your travel consultant or call Avis toll-free:

1-800-268-2310

In Toronto 622-0770

In B.C. (112) 800-268-2310